







HOLY PRAYERS  
IN A  
HORSE'S EAR

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TO BE A JAPANESE DOLL WAS NOT SO DIFFICULT AT THE AGE OF ONE AS IT PROVED LATER.

PRESENTATION.

HOLY PRAYERS  
IN A  
HORSE'S EAR



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KATHLEEN TAMAGAWA ELDRIDGE  
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To

**NELSON ROWLEY**

**WHOSE UNHOLY PRAYERS UNHORSED ME IN MID-PACIFIC**



F.  
O.  
R.  
E.  
W.  
O.  
R.  
D.

THE WRITING OF THIS BOOK HAS BEEN one of the most pleasurable adventures of my life and I cannot relinquish it without a few inadequate words of thanks to Dorothy Scarborough for her patient friendship in piloting me through my first literary channels; to Louis D. Froelich for his belief that this manuscript could be written; to Marietta Neff whose personal charm made my first contact with an editor a delight; to Louis G. Haas, the wizard of Saxonwoods, whose many faceted personality is a constant inspiration; to Berta Darling who talked me out of the kitchen; to my husband who has never put his finger in my pies and to Nelson Rowley who has never taken his finger out of them.

KATHLEEN TAMAGAWA ELDRIDGE



TRYING TO WRITE ABOUT ONE'S LIFE IS like grabbing at a whirling circle. There doesn't seem to be any beginning and of course as I'm still "going strong," there is no proper end. With frantic gesture, I grab at the circle and whichever way I turn I get no-where; from nothingness to the unknown future. But are we not all lured along these same fool tracks of destiny?

I have been called a "scene of tragedy and intense gaiety," silly words—unless you think about them, and then you know that there is a point at which things of tragedy do become intensely funny—it's what is called the saturation point, wherein tragedy becomes chaotic and breaks up into absurdity. I'm familiar enough with that point of existence; in fact I'm not sure but that I sit on the saturation point most of the time.

The trouble with me is my ancestry. I really should not have been born; as a matter of fact half of my world declares I never was born. They say, that I am the non-existent daughter of my parents, that I am not their lineal descendant. No, I am not illegitimate,

but just an outlawed product of a legal marriage. Illegitimacy is often inconspicuous and easily concealed and sometimes it is even paraded for purposes of publicity. My problem goes deeper than that, for no law can change, no later ceremony right it, for even if I should become completely existent—the problem of ancestry will remain. My parents came from two small islands on opposite sides of the Earth. My mother was "North of Ireland," my father is Japanese and I have faced the traditions of two worlds, so to speak; an occidental and an oriental. Ireland and Japan! Even an instant's consideration of that combination will convey the thought that such a field of battle for life must needs be a "scene of tragedy and intense gaiety."

My father came to America when he was a little boy of eleven, with a Mr. and Mrs. Chick, under whose kindly supervision his father had placed him. In those days when Japan was first opened, it was progressive for young Japan to accept gracefully and completely the new world. So father was sent here as a child to enter our Chicago public schools and study our strange barbaric customs. Chicago at that time was not the great Chicago of today, but our customs are unalterable.

The question of birthdays puzzled him a lot. In Japan there are no individual birthdays, as everyone celebrates a sort of combined birthday on each New

Year's day. Father noticed that all the little boys and girls at school would say, "tomorrow is my birthday" and the next day everybody gave them a present. He thought it was merely a custom of ours, to choose any day on the calendar and announce to our friends our present-accepting mood. One day, feeling rather lonely, he confided to one of his classmates the news of his approaching birthday and, sure enough, it worked. Everyone in the class remembered him. It was not until he repeated the performance a month or so later that he discovered our arrangements concerning the custom of natal anniversaries.

April fool's day distressed him a great deal, and when the boys fed him biscuits of cotton, rushed him down the street to see imaginary fires and gave him a sponge to eat his soup with, he thought us a cruel and unreasoning people.

He must have been a likeable chap, however, for in my long and intimate dealings with him as a parent, he has always won my total admiration. I think that is saying a great deal; parents as a rule are most trying to an only child.

It was in high school that he met my Uncle Frank, who became his best friend. Uncle Frank was not an ordinary person; in fact, none of the Adamses were ordinary.

Some one sent me a newspaper clipping just the other day headed, "The Adams Still Survive." Most

of it spoke of the American branch but toward the end it said, "As a family they have been inclined to advocate unpopular causes, to speak out in meeting and sometimes to make themselves obnoxious. But no one has ever questioned their ability, their patriotism, their honesty of purpose, or their integrity of character." I can't resist the temptation to quote this, because it so typically describes my mother. I don't know whether she included my father among her early advocacy of unpopular causes, but when Uncle Frank brought him home she promptly fell in love with him.

Grandmother disapproved. She disapproved all over the map, so much so, in fact, that when her husband's sisters sent for one of the children to "finish" in Europe, at the time of my Grandfather's death, it was mother who was chosen.

Naturally Grandmother was only an Adams in name and I'm sure she must have recognised all the danger my father was to her daughter, who was a real Adams—"inclined to advocate unpopular causes, to speak out in meeting and to make themselves obnoxious." Grandmother was inflexible. She was the daughter of an English officer, who had molded her into a militaristic view of life. I can see her now, in that old Chicago house, "settling" Kate (my mother)—settling that "outlandish affair of Kate's"—packing mother off to Europe to "get her senses."

Poor mother had to leave Chicago for the "finishing" in Europe. She arrived in New York, just a slip of a girl, being met by family friends. In those days people didn't run over to Europe to spend a fortnight in the summer months, as they do now, and mother's journey was a real adventure, also a very real separation from her charming Japanese boy-friend. Mother must have been what we call now-a-days "pretty blue," but the friends who met her here in New York did not prove very helpful. They were stupid enough to take her down to the vessel on which she was to sail and leave her there, quite alone, with the mere assurance from a passing officer that other passengers would arrive later. Mother waited and waited for the friends with whom she expected to travel, but no one came. Then she wandered about the boat; then she unpacked her bag and investigated her cabin and finally she went back up on deck,—but no one appeared. Hours passed. She went to the Captain, but he was busy and rather gruff, his English was none too good and she could not quite understand him, so she retired once more to her cabin and, lying down on her bunk, began to think of all she was leaving behind and all she was going to. After a while the whole thing must have bored her, for she fell asleep. When she awoke it was night and the ship was under way. She sat up amazed and unbelieving. Could she have slept so soundly? She jumped from the bunk and plunged

out of the cabin. The old ship creaked and swayed—truly she was at sea!

At last she located the steward and begged him to tell her if her friends had come on board. He explained that there was an outbreak of cholera in Genoa and that all passages for that trip had been cancelled, adding with somewhat rancid encouragement that she and the cat were the only females on board.

The crossing proved more of a nightmare than an ocean voyage for the vessel was attacked in mid-Atlantic by heavy storms and with engines failing they barely managed to make port at some small Spanish coast village after thirty days of promiscuous sailing.

The newspapers with their usual greed for disaster reported the ship as "lost" and Miss Adams, the only passenger as "missing." Grandmother and the Adams' aunts had almost reached the stage of buying their mourning gowns and bonnets (though undoubtedly Grandmother would have added a little white collar of relief to her outfit, when she thought of her daughter's escape from the "outlandish" swain.) Then suddenly the American consul announced that mother had landed safely at Barcelona.

Mother often said that no words were ever so welcome as his, when she heard him ask, "Is Miss Adams on board?", nor any impulse so strong as the one

which sent her flying down the deck to throw herself into the arms of this unknown man who spoke them.

She stayed six years in Europe with these two maiden aunts. They were women of moderate wealth and much culture, intellectuals in a vague dilettante fashion. One of them instructed for a while at Girton College, but they had preferred a straying Continental existence to any more active life, spending most of their years in Florence and their summers in the Alps or along the "back-bone" of Italy.

All the stories of these grand-aunts of mine reveal them to be dreadfully afflicted with a superiority complex, or something of the sort. When Mrs. N. K. Fairbanks called on my mother as a family friend from Chicago, bringing an arm load of gorgeous roses, the aunts considerably dampened my mother's girlish enthusiasm for the charming American, by remarking, "Ah,—Yes. Very nice, indeed, my dear,—for a pork-packer's wife." The aunts were Adamses you will remember; besides, they sympathized with the monde that ostracized Mr. Fairbanks for turning the two cherubs at the foot of the Sistine Madonna into little pigs heads in his advertising matter.

While visiting these aunts, my mother spoke with Queen Victoria and with the present King of Italy, who was young then, dined with the Gladstones, whose autographed photographs were burned with her other personal treasures in the Japan Earthquake.

She accompanied Lady Hobart at a private audience with Pope Leo XIII. Lady Hobart was a member of the party sent from England with a gift for the Pope at the time of his Jubilee. After days of patient preparation mother's audience with the Pope was bungled. The cardinal in the ante-room had just inquired why she had not become a daughter of his faith, and mother with her usual daring had answered, "Because of the fly-specked Madonnas," when she was called. She swept down the long audience chamber and knelt at the Pope's feet, but became confused and instead of addressing him as "Most Holy One," as she had been well instructed to do, she answered, "Si Signor," as she might have to any of the town merchants. The attending Cardinal poked her each time she said it, but the Pope was kind and lenient. He begged the Cardinal to desist and allowed her to answer many of his questions concerning the United States with her persistent "Si Signor." He blessed strings of beads for her and finally gave her one of his jubilee medals. Mother was so delighted with the acquisition of the precious medal that she forgot that she had been trained to back down the long room, and turning her back on the Pope she fled to Lady Hobart with the question, "Oh, Lady Hobart, did he give you one, too?"

She attended many festivities during this jubilee occasion, among others an ancient jousting match, at

which there were eleven crowned heads of Europe present.

She also had the privilege, she said, of seeing Frances Hodgson Burnett spank her son for forgetting to call his mother "dearest," and of listening to the old sacristan who spoke intimately of himself and "Giovanni Ruskanni," known to most of us as John Ruskin.

Yet all the while mother was answering father's missives. Perhaps words are nothing, nothing but pleasant little tinkling symbols blown upon white fields of blank paper, unless they might be judged by their effectiveness upon the reader. Father's words brought mother home from Europe, brought her home against the wishes of the Adams' aunts, of my inflexible Grandmother and her own better judgment, and were, in a way, responsible for my very being.

Six years is a long time for a young woman to live in the tombs of any culture, even so magnificent and beautiful a culture as that of ancient Florence, yet mother used to say that these years of placid education with the two wise old aunts were the happiest of her life. But mother often said a lot of things she didn't mean.

Meanwhile father had been studying, too. He had not only learned about birthdays and April Fool's day, but all about Christmases, and Easters, and Hal-loween, and Thanksgivings, and Fourth-of-Julys,

and what not? He even learned when to change into a straw hat, when to carry a cane and how not to strut ahead of a lady like a protecting samurai, but to follow tamely like a little amah-san. I actually believe he learned to ride about Chicago on one of those grotesque bicycles, with a great big wheel in front and a miniature wheel behind.

He must have been a goodlooking young man in those days. When he grew older he was rather fat and tubby, but all the pictures of him at this period show him as a charming creature, rather tall for a Japanese, with long oval face, smooth high brow, sensitive mouth and poet's eyes. I must say I like him in these pictures. In fact whatever else mother lacked, everyone acknowledged her good taste and her eye for beauty and it could hardly be said to have failed her here.

By the time she returned from Europe father and Uncle Frank were fast friends. Uncle Frank was not very strong on account of a fall in his early childhood. My Grandfather, who was known among his friends as "Dare-Devil-Dick Adams," had had a passion for horses and he had mounted his son on too uncertain a mare and this fall made almost a cripple of Uncle Frank. Unable as he was to share in boisterous games, he had more time to cultivate his liking for my father, who being an oriental, required more effort for understanding than the average boy was will-

ing or able to give. As I said before Uncle Frank was not an ordinary person, for in spite of years of pain and frequent complete prostrations he managed to become one of our leading chemists. As he outgrew his boyhood, he was more able to get about and he taught my father to fish and to take pictures with a huge square box of a camera. Neither of them cared much for girls or parties, but they both loved the theater and a good concert. Father especially loved to hear the great Patti sing, but perhaps that was because people said that my mother looked very like her. Grandmother had no objection to this developing friendship, for hadn't she "settled" Kate in Europe?

Mother arrived home unexpectedly one night, and the family welcome was anything but sanguine. She had been too long among the Adams. She was that unforgivable thing—different. She was full of what Grandmother would call "poppy-cock," tainted not only by the Adams but by Europe. She was a stranger to her family and to the young entourage as well, and all this was heightened by her love of being conspicuous, for she always kept a bit of Irish dramatics about her.

Once, soon after her return, she was taken to see Lincoln's statue, which had just been unveiled in one of the Chicago parks. She went with a crowd of young people to view it as a great American work of art. Standing before it, they seemed to expect some sort

of intelligent comment from her, all knowing that she had been studying the great masters of Europe. She seemed very slightly impressed, however. Finally one young fellow had the courage to suggest, "Well, —What do you think of it, Miss Adams? Don't you think it is really great?"

"But—" answered mother as she waved Lincoln aside with a deprecating gesture, "He has his clothes on!"

Perhaps she was sincere. Perhaps she was merely taking advantage of her well realized center of the stage. In any case, her escort was debonair enough to answer, "Now, really, Miss Adams, I do think the artist showed good judgment. I'm sure Lincoln looks a lot better with them on than off."

It was this sort of play that made up most of her life. She loved the center of the stage with the lime-light full on and sometimes played there at great cost to herself and others.

Her marriage was the result of so many causes that one might almost believe it to have been fate. Besides my father's love for her there was this lack of sympathy at home and her own desire for the extraordinary. Someone called her a woman with a "flair." She revelled in adventure and daring; after all she was the daughter of "Dare-Devil-Dick Adams," who had been arrested time and again for driving six horses tandem through the streets of Londonderry.



MY FATHER, TAMAGAWA SANZO, (AS THE JAPANESE WOULD SAY-  
PUTTING THE PERSONAL NAME LAST) TAKEN SOON  
AFTER HIS MARRIAGE.



Then, too, my father was very much in the position of an "unpopular cause."

They eloped.

For mother an elopement seems quite in season, but for my father it seems almost too fantastic to be true. Young men in Japan still marry according to the dictates of their family . . . and these two eloped in eighteen eighty something. For him to marry anyone of a different race was astonishing enough, for he came of good family, but for him to marry without his family's consent and against the wishes of hers, and to elope (even to Milwaukee) in this clandestine and romantic manner was, and is, indeed, inconceivable from a Japanese standpoint.

Grandmother knew nothing of the affair until the next day, when the whole story appeared in the morning papers. Grandmother was essentially cold, but when she read the news, that morning she simply froze. This blue white glacier in her soul remained intact, until I unconsciously began thawing it at the age of three.

During the interim Kate's name was non-existent in that household and woe to any reference to Japan. It must have been a terror-striking time for the others, for Grandmother could look down her nose more effectively than any woman I ever knew.

Perhaps it was this convincing hauteur of hers that made "Dare-Devil-Dick" leave her years before and

go to live in a hotel. They never reached the stage of divorce, but they lived apart for many years.

I never saw my Grandfather. He died from a fall. They said that he was sitting in the window at his hotel bed-room in Chicago and must have fallen asleep, for at any rate he fell several stories and was instantly killed. Mother was his favorite and she always spoke of him as charming.

He and five brothers were known in the old country as "the thirty-six feet of Adams," for they were all over six feet tall. All six were graduates of Trinity College, Dublin. Three were educated for the church, (Church of England, for they were Orange-men) and three for the service of the King.

One of them was staff surgeon under Chinese Gordon, known to the Occident as Khartoum Gordon. Granduncle George served with him in China, but in the family it was not for his work in China that we remembered this particular George, but for the fact that after he came home to England he was constantly seen in a wheel chair being pushed about various watering places by an oriental servant, while a huge parrot, perched on the arm of the chair, announced in a shrill tone wherever he went: "This is Doctor George from Hongkong!"

Another of these brothers worked all his life in Trinity College, and was said to have erected a pulley outside his window so as to be sure that his papers re-

mained undisturbed by the entrance of a servant with his meals.

One was a founder of Nashota College in Wisconsin. So much has been written and told of the eccentric ways of William Adams of Nashota, that I should hardly elaborate here. Still he remains pictured in my memory as sitting in a brook, elbows aloft to save his precious pad and paper, too busily writing to realize that he had slipped into the water. His statement that, "what I never could understand was how it could be, that the Pilgrim Fathers landed on Plymouth Rock, and Plymouth Rock didn't land on the Pilgrim Fathers" made at a gathering of their descendants is quite typical of him.

One ran away to die in Garibaldi's army.

One married the daughter of the then British Ambassador in Paris. His name always seemed to be associated in my mind with happy marriage and early death, so I suppose these were his lot.

None of them were as "wild" as my Grandfather, who was one of the "educated-for-the-church" ones. At the time of his marriage, his father gave him ten thousand pounds, as his share of inheritance. Instead of the settlement being a means of establishing him, it proved quite the reverse, for he immediately took his bride for a honeymoon to the gold "diggings" in Australia on a three months' trip in a sailing vessel around the Cape of Good Hope. He came back to Ireland

only after some strenuous years of adventure and loss of fortune. After his return home, he worked only until he had enough money to finance his adventure to America, where he and my Grandmother landed on the day Lincoln was shot.

SOMEONE ASKED, YESTERDAY, HOW MY autobiography was progressing. I answered, "Oh, it's coming along—though I'm not born yet." Yes, here I am running along into four thousand words and not born yet! I am as bad as Tristram Shandy. The worst of it is that I haven't told a third of my prehistoric tales and seem now to be all tangled up in my grandfather's generation. I must have inherited the backward tendencies of the Irishman's pig, that has to be started for Dublin whenever he is supposed to reach Cork.

If I'm to write an autobiography, I see that I must be born somewhere near the beginning of the thing, even though I realize that four thousand words are hardly excuse, or explanation enough, for my birth. Nobody with any reason or common sense thought I should have been born. I agree with them. But I was born, in spite, we might say, of all reason and common sense, on the thirteenth of September, somewhere around midnight, 1893, in Cape May, New Jersey.

I don't remember being born. I have met people who have assured me that they recall the moment of

their birth, but I confess that I remember nothing whatever about my ridiculous arrival in this ridiculous world.

Mother said it was a stormy night and that the wind shaking the shutters of her house and the surf dashing along the shore were most annoying, but father said that mother was too ill to know anything about it.

After they left Chicago, my father had been doing some sort of art work, which was not very remunerative, and which kept him traveling, from Halifax to St. Augustine, wherever he could get an order.

That summer, they had been spending all their time over a Japanese store which my mother had heroically started in hopes of escaping the agony of pocketing their pride and returning to the emotional glacier in Chicago. Instead of being a dismal failure of man's last struggle against the proverbial wolf, the little summer-store in Cape May became a financial asset and flourished for several summers. I imagine this was because mother was a born advertiser and an efficient business woman. She even used my baby picture, dressed in kimono, clasping a Japanese doll, on her letter heads. But she was more than an advertiser, for she had an instinctive knowledge of doing things *au fait*, and she never lost her dignity under any circumstances, however trying.

By this time several aunts had been married in Chicago and Grandmother was keeping a lonely house

with Uncle Frank. It was Uncle Frank who, making a trip east, went a little out of his way to see the banished Kate.

Uncle Frank had always loved children, and possibly the fact that he would never have any of his own, made him long for me all the more. At any rate, he did desire me very much, and so he begged mother to forget, forgive and take father and me home to Chicago, to Grandmother. He promised to arrange matters so that this would be possible.

I don't know the exact details of the war which he must have fought with Grandmother on his return to Chicago. The fact that he was supporting her to a great extent must have had its influence on her mind. He was then analytical chemist for Fuller and Fuller Company.

The result was that my earliest memories are all of that rather grim household, with its ultra polished floors and its slippery Turkish rugs, which were always sliding from under one's feet, very like the blocks of ice which shift about in a frozen river after a heavy thaw.

The house was lined with books and un-touchables of every sort. There were cabinets full of charming things, little tables with ornaments, tomes bound in white leather containing copies of famous European paintings, palms, and a rubber plant, chairs that were not to be sat upon, tables that one must not lay a finger

on, bed-rooms that were not to be entered, plates that were only to be looked at, glasses that were never to be drunk out of and literally a thousand taboos.

Above and towering over all these things was my Grandmother's spirit, her unbending, uncompromising will power, which paralyzed us all. She never raised her voice above its even and beautiful English tones; she never seemed angry or even annoyed, but when she said, "I desire you to sit on that chair"—well—you did. You did without question. No matter who you were, young or old, you were forced to accept the place she gave you, and no other.

She was a woman who gave the impression of height without being tall. She wore dark dresses with white collars and cuffs. Her hair was smooth and white, it was parted in the middle and drawn down to what is known in England as a "bath bun." But in spite of all this seeming conventionality, she was not like any other person in the world. She was imperial. She could not only gaze down her nose as a true aristocrat, but she used often to let one eye lose its focus and droop in its socket, which gave one the weirdest sensation—not of her absent-mindedness, but of one's own lack of existence. Her eyes were of that pale moonstone blue that always made me feel other-world-ish. It was this strange unearthliness in the midst of all her worldliness, like a glimpse of blue sky behind dark clouds, that made me love her.

I would sit by her knee, on a little stool, while she sewed and recited verses to me. She knew an endless number of them by heart. The Lady of the Lake, Lala Rhook, The Idyls of the King and a long poem about Mary, Queen of Scots, wherein each stanza started, "The scene has changed" were the favorites.

In those peaceful moments of companionship, when all the house was still, except for the soft rhythm of her lovely voice, she could make me forget the sternness of her soul and all the taboos and untouchables over which she reigned in my childish thoughts.

Her bed-room was furnished in somber colors and beside her straight backed chair (she scorned a rocker) stood a carved stand upholding a black ebony sewing box inlaid with mother-of-pearl, which contained quantities of colored threads, needles, pins, a fat silver pig whose tail could stretch out to a yard measure, and of course, a strawberry through which one sharpened needles. This box was a holy of holies. No one dared to open it but herself, for she had brought it from England years before and it belonged unquestionably to sentiment and tradition. Sometimes when I had been very good, she would promise to leave it to me in her will, and sometimes when I was naughty she would say that the box would be my cousin Ruth's. This was a terrible thought for the box was *mystery!* In fact her bed-room was all peace

and mystery. It was like a shrine. I only entered there for these perfect poetic hours.

Mother, Father and Uncle Frank were different. They didn't really count at all; they were merely the necessary servitors of her kingdom. I loved them but they were only human.

Father was away most of the time, as by now he had become a silk demonstrator for the Corticelli Silk Company. At home he was self-effacing. He was always moving away behind people's chairs and quietly slipping out of the room. I suppose it was a trying situation for him, but as my Grandmother grew fond of him later on, he must have handled his problem skilfully. The only place where he seemed to exist at all was in the cellar, where he and Uncle Frank worked with their bicycles, fishing rods and cameras. Japan is noted for its capacity for hobbies, but among the members of my international household, bicycles, cameras and fishing certainly received as much attention from my mother and uncle as they did from my father.

The basement was the only live place in the house. Down there these three would laugh and chat together. I liked the intimacy of the basement. True, I never dreamed of interrupting, or intruding—I was far too well trained for that—but I enjoyed these hours of chatter as much as they did, whether I understood them or not. They dropped all kinds of interesting

things on the floor, such as chips, winding silk, screws, rubber patches, and sticky rags. Sitting there among all this valuable rubbish, listening and listening to them discuss bait, blue prints and bikes, I became more and more admiring of my Uncle Frank, until one day I had fully decided to marry him as soon as I grew big enough. The Bible forbade all kinds of marriages, so I discovered, but in spite of a protracted search I found nothing in it about marrying one's uncle. It worried me considerably, for even then I must have been a conventional little soul. I went about inquiring of the neighbors, "Do I have to go to Hell, if I marry my uncle?"

Their answers were involved. At last I assured them, "Never mind. It doesn't really matter, for I'm going to marry him anyway."

So greatly did I love poor, crippled Uncle Frank, with his masses of grey black hair and his deep blue eyes that were at once piercing and thoughtful—kind gentleman, whom I had elected for marriage, who wasted all his evenings reading me fairy tales and teaching me games, whose greatest pleasure was to discover a new educational system for my benefit—or blight!

It's well that tonsils and appendixes had not become the rage then, or I should undoubtedly have lost mine. Everything was "done", everything that could possibly improve me. I don't believe anyone of those

three would have hesitated to face even the guillotine if they had thought it would have completed my improvement. But I escaped a lot of things beside these minor operations—such as, the Montessori Method, psychoanalysis, Gloria Swanson and the public schools, which are the undoing of my own four children.

The thing which they could not change and which I did not escape, was my heritage—the “Japanese.” This thought-stimulating, imagination-firing label which inevitably leads to complications.

To the friends who visited us in those days, I felt myself to be a comicality, a toy. I was often spoken of as a “Japanese doll”, or worse still as the “cute” little Japanese. My mother’s guests found in me what Pierre Loti found in all Japan, “qui N’a pas l’air serieux, qui fait l’effet d’une chose pour rire.” I felt this more keenly than I understood it. I had never been to Japan; I was as innocent of any real knowledge of the Japanese as those who visited us, but whatever I did, of good or of bad, was sure to be because I was Japanese.

These mental pit-falls surprised me, and alienated me from all the rest of the world, even from old, fat Nan, the colored wash woman.

One lovely summer’s afternoon, when I was about six, I was down in the basement, where I spent much of my time. Our cat had had kittens and her situation

was interesting me intensely, because they were such vital little things to have suddenly appeared in the deep box behind the furnace. Nan was busy with the family washing. I had been listening for some time to her monotonous rubbing and chanting while I knelt watching the antics of the sprawling kittens over their languid mother, when it occurred to me that perhaps the large collie dog across the street might also be interested in the new kittens. Mother was packing clothes away in the attic, when she heard my voice in the side yard, "Come along Friskey, I want to show you our nice, new kittens . . ."

She threw the last of the clothes into a corner and rushed down three long flights of stairs only to find a revolving mass of cat and dog among the furnace pipes. Nan's wig had been snatched from her head in the mix-up and every movable article in the laundry room had been displaced. I shall never forget how funny Nan looked without her wig, or how thought-inspiring were her words.

Mother said, "Kathleen, why did you bring that dog in here?"

"Oh Mother," I answered, choking on my tears, "I didn't know they would do that!"

Then Nan said, "Maybe cats and dogs don't have no fights in Japan, but they sure do in the U-u-United States."

"Maybe cats and dogs don't have no fights in Japan"

—Strange, distant and delightful Japan, land of childhood dreams, where anything might be!

All of my encounters with this mythical Japan were not so fascinating. There was the dirty-faced boy who sat on the back fence calling, "Chink! Chink!" whenever I ventured into his presence in search of a playmate. He was a nice little boy, but my romantic background had fired his imagination, deleted all his possibilities of play and left him there exploding, "Chink! Chink!" on our back fence.

Hurrying back to my mother and weeping real tears brought small comfort for she only said, "Why didn't you tell him you were not a Chink?" She did not seem to understand my problem, for she never, even to her dying day, admitted that there was, or could be, a problem.

"But Mother," I parried, on that first occasion, "you told me never to contradict."

This sent the family into peals of mirth.

But I see it as an early tragedy, however funny, for what could I have told the young warrior on the back fence? That I was not a "Chink"—only a "Jap?" My childish instinct had but introduced me to the polite withdrawal, as one of the few possible responses to other people's little phantasms concerning me. True, I have long since reached the saturation point, and now frequently view with intense gaiety the mental gyrations of my critics.

My three cousins, Ruth, Naomi and Sam were my great joy. They usually came on Sundays and I counted the days until their coming, for few children were allowed in Grandmother's house.

Sometimes when they came Uncle Frank would take us for long walks in Jackson Park, or for a row on the lagoons, or to see the baby asylum on the lake front, or the Columbus boats, but all these were of negative interest as compared to the Japanese buildings, which had been sent to Chicago during the World's Fair and were a feature of the Park. These curved roofed pavilions lured me more than they did my cousins, who gave them mere passing glances, while I peered into their dim recesses, seeking some answer, some kinship, or understanding. But they were always mysteriously vacant. They could not bring to me the Spirit of Japan. My childish imagination was not great enough to people their emptiness with kimonoed court ladies and two-sworded samurais, and yet how carefully I examined every corner of them and how I lingered when the others hurried off! I searched their unpeopled vacantness for the something with which people had haunted me by their suggestions. Japan!

In winter Uncle Frank took us skating or tobogganing on the Midway in front of the University of Chicago buildings. Picture us all going home afterward to four o'clock tea with a great family gather-

ing about the fire. Sunday tea hour was a signal for the gathering of the clan, and now as I look back on those cozy hours they seem to be the only truly secure hours of my life, for they stand out as the hours in which I have experienced a solidarity with a rooted group.

At that time I was attending John Dewey's school of Education which had been held at first in an old house back of the University buildings, but there I was the ever conspicuous Japanese. This was exactly what they strove to avoid, but their constant reassurance made one doubt. There was Barr, a Mexican girl who came each day with her swarthy Mexican nurse, there was a Dutch boy with a peculiarly blurred accent, there was a French Miss whose dresses were always copied by sewing mothers, there was Aie Fujita, a real Japanese child, the consul's little girl and there were still a good majority of thorough Anglo-Saxons for contrast. Our teachers constantly reiterated that, "All nations are the same. Though the little Dutch boys wear wooden shoes and the little Chinese ladies pinch their feet and the little Eskimos wear fur boots, we are all the same, we are just alike. One human family." (Except, of course, that these various peoples always mysteriously acquired the title of "little".) Dear teachers, kind, well meaning souls who so earnestly fought to blanket the word "human". But this little polyglot community of

my early school days was "human" enough to make us feel our differences. We were a collection of freaks, of children with race contrasts or faddist mothers and we never doubted it for an instant! How many internationalists make this same mistake! Do they ever convince?

Every summer Mother and I made a pilgrimage to Forest Hall. We took a morning train and had dinner in the pullman, after which we changed at a dirty station, where we waited and waited for a wheezy old local that sometimes had to be switched and watered before we could board her. But these were never tiresome delays, for everyone who went to Forest Hall went regularly every year and we were sure to find old friends and acquaintances along the platform. This local took us through Michigan fields and woods and landed us about a mile back of the Hall. There was always a rickety wagon waiting for the train, driven by Bob or Allen, who were brothers and whose half Indian background lent a certain sportiness to the guests' fishing and hunting expeditions. We drove through pastured orchards on one side and acres of corn on the other, down a lane that was lined with tall, woodsy smelling pines. The Hall itself was a three-storied wooden building, with sloping roofs and gabled windows and immense porches that surrounded it on three sides.

After we had greeted Pa and Mrs. Rudd (who

owned all this wonderful land) and had ascended to our clean old-fashioned room, which smelled of matting, and washed our travel-worn faces in rain water out of a crockery jug and bowl, we were free to face the summer. In front of the Hall was a deep wood. Snakelike paths led from it down a steep hill to Diamond Lake, which sparkled through the trees and urged us down to the boats and the bath houses.

Bob and Allen spent much of their time teaching me to row and swim and fish. They took me with them to hunt water lilies on the far side of the lake and told me stories of their prairie days. Bob was gaunt and tall, but Allen was far more attractive for he had a catch in his voice. He had achieved this peculiar halting way of speech by lying out all night in a blizzard, only a few feet from his own door, which he had lost in the blinding storm. To me, Allen was nothing short of a hero, and besides he knew all about trails and plants and the name of every passing butterfly.

Every evening Bob and Allen took turns at the milking, but I was always somewhere around when it was Allen's evening. When Father and Uncle Frank came down for a week or so, it was Allen who served as guide and oarsman, and once it was Allen who fished me out of the lake.

I was not afraid of snakes, or bumble-bees, or hunting dogs, or cows, or mice, or any of the other things

which went with the summer months. But there was one thing of which I really had a horror, and that was a dog-fish. This horror grew out of a most unpleasant experience. One morning I had run down the winding path to the lake in my bare feet and being unable to stop on account of the steep grade, had stepped on a huge dog-fish lying in the way. The fish was not dead, as it appeared, and gave forth a loud bark which, combined with the slimy sensation of his scaly body under my foot, sent the cold shivers down my spine and left me with a strange loathing for dog-fish.

Several weeks later when Father was down for a fishing bout, he, Allen and I started out on an all day trip. We were far out in the middle of the lake, when Father landed a dog-fish almost in my lap. Before either he or Allen realized my mad terror of the thing, I had jumped into the lake. Fortunately, Allen was as heroic as I had suspected and before Father could adjust his ideas to the situation, Allen had me sitting back in the end of the boat, remarking, "Oh, dear, I got wet, didn't I?"

These long summer months at Forest Hall brought me a fulfillment of love for America, which can never be broken. Slowly and secretly this country became my native land. Secretly, because at the time my mother had taught me to say, "Grandmother, Mother and Uncle Frank are British, but Father and I are

Japanese," and to look forward to a time when I should find my real home in that remote, unknown Japan. "The acolyte at the gate reads sutras, which he has never learned," and even so I thought of my Father's far off land.

But the peace and security of these early days were all shattered and broken by the death of my Uncle Frank. He came home with a chill one cold April day and died of pneumonia before the week was out. There were no more happy basement hours, no more discussions of fish, or politics, or education, no more exciting moments when wet films were held up for examination, or new made rods held up for their final inspection. No more parties to the park, or games of an evening, for Uncle Frank had been the moving spirit of all these things.

My Grandmother for the only time in my remembrance of her, seemed crushed. She wept a great deal and suddenly seemed to need us all as never before. But strangest of all my mother and father seemed to have lost something vital from their relationship. All the pleasant chatter and intimacy were gone. As for myself, I buried all of my happiest childhood in his grave. Not long afterward my mother announced that we were going to Japan.

In some inexplicable way the fact that we were leaving for the Orient became a triumph. It was a victory over all the forces, which had banished my

mother from Chicago. I was then thirteen years old and intelligent enough to catch the note of glory and feeling of enthusiasm with which my mother faced the prospect of our departure.

Father was being sent out by the Corticelli Silk Company as a silk buyer. I suppose their confidence in him must have justified her own and for the first time since her marriage she became again the woman with a "flair."

We were going to live in a flowery kingdom, in beautiful lacquered houses like those in Jackson Park. We were actually to cross the Pacific. We were to sail on the *S. S. Minnesota*. The *Minnesota* was the largest ship that crossed the Pacific. Life would be charming, exotic, different. We were to escape the hum-drum, routine, work-a-day world. Luncheons and dinners and teas were given to bid us goodbye. Great shopping expeditions were instigated. Even though Mother said we were going to become thoroughly Japanese, she still thought it just as well to provide for emergencies. Grandmother was to live with the cousins. The old house on Woodlawn Avenue was rented. Grandmother's day was over—that was apparent—and now it was Mother who sparkled in a nimbus of prestige.

I dreaded leaving my Grandmother, for I could not readjust myself so suddenly to the new order, and my cousins became doubly dear. Now that I was ac-

tually going, I lost my curiosity about Japan, I was not at all sure that I wanted to see Japan after all, and I could not possibly imagine us living in the vast emptiness of the Japanese pavilions of Jackson Park. I did not care whether the *Minnesota* was the largest ship on the Pacific, or even in the whole world. The luncheons bored me and the shopping tired me. I began to understand that what was for my mother a flaring adventure, and for my father a turning homeward, was for me only the tragedy of tearing away all my early roots of home and homeland.

My only consoling thought was that at last I would cease to be "une chose pour rire"—"the little Japanese"—a toy for the passing whim of the public mind. In other words I was at last to become ordinary, inconspicuous. I was to feel a oneness with a people. I should no longer be "different." It is only when one can understand my utter faith in my Orientalism, that one can glimpse the extent of my disappointment and disillusionment!

**DISILLUSIONMENT CAN BE A COMEDY** and a tragedy all rolled into one! I had believed that I was Japanese and that Japan was my home. Why should I have doubted this when no one had ever suggested otherwise, when everyone, in fact, had assured me that it was so?

Our trip to Seattle remains a sparkling memory, for we crossed in January (1907) and every glance from our train windows fell on pictures of ice and snow. Nothing can be more beautiful than the Rockies, when every shrub and giant tree are coated to their twigs with glistening ice.

Seattle itself was a contrast, for it was as fresh and green as a spring day. We entered it in holiday spirit; even though we were to stay but a few days before we sailed, we intended to enjoy them.

The geography of the Mt. Ranier Hotel in Seattle was quite unusual. There was a main building, to which other buildings had been added, obviously by the most reckless of architects, for the newer appendages hung on to the old at promiscuous angles and levels, and caused the occupants to stumble up and down unexpected stairs and turn mysterious corners,

until they admitted that all the worst mazes were not in Coney Island.

Our rooms were on what was the fourth floor if approached correctly, and perhaps the fifth, or the third, if one were lost. Our rooms were without a bath. On our arrival after the long train journey our greatest hopes lay in the pleasures of the bathroom and Father and I looked on this discrepancy with infinite gloom. But travelers for the Orient must be prepared for the worst, mother informed us. She was armed with ideas and remained undaunted. She phoned the office and with much cheer assured us, "You are to have all the baths you want. They are preparing three!"

In the course of about ten minutes a neat brass-buttoned bell boy stood at the door to escort us to these several baths. Father and I went in turn and were delivered safely to our tubs, but Mother's was more distant or at least more unattainable. She whisked up some stairs and turned endless corners, then descended more stairs only to see her elusive bell boy disappearing down long corridors, vanishing around corners and mounting again to further unknown heights. Several times she called to him, but he paid no attention. She was dressed in bathrobe and slippers with soap and towels in hand, following, following determinedly—imprudently, following even as she did her ideas—with a "flair." Then suddenly

he made a long descent and plunged into a large door. She fairly leaped in after him and found herself in the main dining room, crossing the floor among the astonished dinner guests who were in full evening dress. She lunged for the boy and grabbed him securely by the collar and dragged him out of the first door she could disappear through.

“Now,” she gasped, as she nearly choked him, “where is my bath? And what do you mean by parading me through the dining room at dinner time? It’s ridiculous! I’ll report this to the management. Where’s my bath, I say, where is it?”

“Bath? Bath—?”

“You were sent up to take me to my bath! Now, where IS it?”

“No, Lady, I aint never seen you before. And, say, Lady, what are you follin’ me fer?”

Of course in one of the countless turnings she had lost the original boy and God alone knew how many others that evening had suffered the embarrassment of having an unknown, bath-robed and beslipped female trail them down the halls of that accumulation of mazes known as the Mt. Ranier Hotel.

There was a horrible moment of suspense next day when we found our name heading a long column in one of the newspapers. A guilty conscience! Mother was certain that her debut in the dining room had been betrayed by the pitiless pen of some cub re-

porter. Fortunately, the Seattle reporters had also been trailing some misleading information and their fabulous columns were full of a marvelous, though entirely untrue story about my father. We read it and were convinced that all reporters were simply beyond belief, beyond reason and should be beyond pay. I remember they hailed my father as a famous doctor whose obscure researches led us to Japan, for the fourth or fifth visit; we all loved Japan better than any other place in the world; we had lived in Europe and Asia; and so it went on, until it reached as farcical a climax as Mother's arrival in the dining room the night before, but on the whole much less distressing to the victims.

In spite of these little peccadillos we enjoyed our short stay in Seattle and were almost sorry to see our suitcases leave for the ship.

The *S. S. Minnesota* was all that had been promised and Captain Austin proved not only a good navigator, but a jolly shipmate as well. Few people were crossing that trip and soon we knew everybody on board, as is the habit of most Pacific passengers.

Of the passengers, Mrs. Lum was the most interested in Japan; she was going out to learn her trade among the block printers of Tokyo and she is now well known here in America as a print artist. She stands out in my memory as having acquired the same red book of Japanese words and phrases that Mother

had. We all struggled together, with indifferent success, to master the few words of the language which we thought expedient for use on rickshaw coolies. Our efforts, however, sent my father into such peals of mirth that we often forced him to a total collapse in his deck chair. This was discouraging, to say the least, and gave me my first grave doubts about my own Orientalism.

The day we landed in Yokohama was cold and clear. Mount Fuji hung in the clouds above the city and the Bund seemed inviting, from the Grand Hotel to the British Consulate, with its row of trees and iron chained sentry of stone posts. In those days there was no pier to receive us and the *Minnesota* dropped anchor some distance from shore.

Hundreds of sampans and junks and lighters of every description surrounded us. Coolies in dark blue coats with large white ideographs on their backs and merchants in soft grey silks swarmed on board.

Father wanted to go to the Grand Hotel, but Mother absolutely refused. She was not going to be a tourist. She had come to Japan to be thoroughly Japanese and no power on earth could change her, least of all my father. So we directed our bags to a Japanese hotel, on Yokohama's main street, Honchō-dori and saw them lowered over the side of the ship into the most unsafe looking contraption that was ever called a boat, with a man in blue cottons stand-

ing at the rear, desperately wiggling the tail of the thing to give it balance at each catapultic reception of our baggage. Then, marveling at their safety, we departed for shore in the steam launch with the rest of the passengers.

We had arrived in Japan.

Fear is said to be man's greatest emotion and with fear I greeted Japan. Indeed it amounted to something very near abject terror as I approached my first rickshaw. The customs officials had been all kindness and politeness; no one had so much as noticed me, yet by the time our bags and trunks had been chalked and we were free to find our hotel, I was practically in a state of nervous breakdown.

Nothing I had been taught, told or imagined was in the least like Japan and this much being true, what was I to expect? The wharf showed no indication of a flowery kingdom, there were no quaint lacquered houses, no likeness to any of the fairy stories or folk tales that had been told me. The wharf of Yokohama was old and shabby, but the people shocked me even more; they were not the people I had expected or dreamed of. Such disillusionment gave me an uncertainty as to everything in the world. No kitten was ever put in a cage with wild cats with more instincts for self-preservation than I and to me Japan was even worse than wild cats—it was gargoyle and disenchantment.



FOR MANY YEARS I HAVE SHAMEFULLY RECALLED THE SILLY TEARS  
OF MY FIRST RICKSHAW RIDE, AN EMOTIONAL DISTURBANCE  
WHICH JAPANESE RICKSHAWS NEVER JUSTIFIED.



I had thought, "distant and delightful Japan, where anything might be!" Now I thought, dangerous and deplorable Japan, where everything was!

To the amazement of both my parents I wept tears of panic, before they could discipline me into a rickshaw. I was beset with the notion that once I was seated in one of those crescentic vehicles, the evil looking coolie would use his horrid bulging brown legs to sever me forever from my parents. It was only after much reason and common sense had been applied by my father, and an equal amount of scorn by my mother, that I was at last persuaded to mount and allow the perplexed and patient rickshaw man to tow me behind my mother's, and closely followed by my father's, rickshaw through the streets of Yokohama to our first Japanese Inn.

Nothing can be more inviting than a good Japanese Inn, but it took me some years in Japan to discover this and to realize what a trial we must have been to our cordial hosts in this first attempt of ours to be "native."

We were greeted by the usual rush of little maids beaming a welcome and chattering with polite interest. I, who had just escaped from what I considered an appalling ride, accepted their pleasant though uncomprehended enthusiasm with a feeling of utmost relief. They could not be alarming, they were

too bubbling with girlish twitters even to be taken seriously.

*They* were "cuite."

We removed our shoes and our bags vanished ahead of us as we were bowed along white shoji-ed (paper door) corridors, over dark shining wooden floors to our rooms.

Gradually my fears subsided as I felt the charm of those mattinged rooms. They were as empty as those in Jackson Park, but there was an atmosphere of domesticity about them that had been missing in Chicago. Perhaps this air of companionableness lay in the soft pongee cushions that were laid for our seats, or in the bright glow of the charcoals in the tan wood braziers which were set down for our warmth, or in the steam rising from the fragrant cups of tea which were immediately forthcoming. Perhaps it was only the soothing influence of the misty grey scroll picture with its attending flower arrangement occupying the recess called the tokunoma. Whatever it was, something restored a part of my failing courage and I was soon almost as content with our rooms as my mother, who was taking it all as if it had been a picnic party at home.

She now daringly experimented with our few newly learned Japanese phrases and made a lark out of every discovery. No matter how uncomfortable the possibilities were, I could see that she was prepared to

stand smiling if necessary in the last ditch of endurance.

My father, the Inn host and hostess and their several children, about half a dozen coolies and a flock of little maids flurried about for what seemed our merest necessities. We needed more cushions. We wanted some sugar for our tea. We must have several more fire boxes, because we were cold. Someone had best be sent for bread. We couldn't eat just rice! And oh, yes, maybe they'd better get us a knife, or a fork,—and barring that at least a spoon. Was there no salt? Well? What did people do? We thought of more things for those poor people to do, get and bring in those first hours in Japan than most people are able to demand of others in years.

With each new requirement of ours my belief in my own Orientalism waned and vanished. Their patience was certainly commendable, however, and by evening we were almost comfortable, though it had cost seven hours of effort.

It would be impossible to describe in detail all the thoughtfulness and consideration which my father gave us. I did not realize it at the time, I was too ignorant to measure his capacities, too unappreciative of the cost of his kindness, for we must have been a couple of real white elephants on his hands, but if I was blind to his embarrassments and sacrifices so was my mother . . . my highly sophisticated, thoroughly

educated, European "finished" mother. We just accepted and accepted everything as our right. I suppose it was our right—the right of an infinite lack of understanding. In Chicago he had had a long training in self-effacement and he had suffered too truly as a foreigner to make our life difficult, as it easily might have been, had he left us to our own devices. As I look back on it, I cannot seem to sing loud enough praises in thanks for my father, nor pity him as he deserves to be pitied. He did his best, no one could have done more... and failed. All the faith and kindness in the world can't change primroses into cherry blossoms.

Every Japanese house has a tokunoma, a little recess inserted in the wall of their most formal rooms. Usually there is a raised platform, on which stands the sole ornament in the room, an urn containing flowers. These flowers are arranged with great care, bent and twisted until they assume a simple but always a symbolical design. These curves are easily understood by the flower philosophers of Japan. Behind this artistic composition of flowers, which is traditional and almost holy, there usually hangs a scroll picture, equally beautiful and equally symbolic. As these are the only decoration in a furnitureless room, they become to the Japanese almost an altar to art. On that, our first night in Japan, swathed in ignorance,

I slept on the tokunoma, because Mother thought it seemed less draughty!

Next day we began our investigation of the city. Yokohama is a valley surrounded by hills. Our hotel was located near the center of this horse-shoe, in the midst of a network of narrow streets, lined with tiny shops displaying their wares on low stands. These rows upon rows of bright colored temptations crept like the tide in long irregular waves along each side of the streets as if they wished to meet and submerge their purchasers. We lingered with delight at each new fascinating display of silks, curios, toys, pictures, threads, china, ivories, bronzes, umbrellas and soon we found that half the town seemed to linger with us. Old and young stood about us and gazed upon us with as much inquisitiveness as a collector gives to museum pieces. If we stopped to buy so much as a penny's worth of anything, cries were heard in the distance, "Ijin-san! Ijin-san!" and with this shouted publicity, swarms of children and passing pedestrians rushed to look at us. Gaping wonderment was clearly written on every face.

Occasionally my father made futile remarks which began with a "Sa-sa, Sa-sa!" nearly approaching a hiss, but these only brought forth giggles from the children and never even ruffled the sublime surface of the adult stare.

My mother's interest in the shops lifted her spirit

above the curiosity of the multitude, who annoyed her only when they stood directly in her way. She immediately and automatically acquired a tourist's indifference toward them. My father was too engrossed with his diplomatic attempts to ward off the populace to notice their effect upon either of us, or to realize that every step of the way was increasing my original fear of his country. In Chicago I had been merely conspicuous in what now appeared to have been a limited social group. In Yokohama I was something far worse than conspicuous, I was a regular show for the entire city! I was not even going to be able to walk down the street without a crowd forming. This was demolition of illusion with a vengeance. My only alternative was not to care and this I could not quite do, for I was half Japanese.

"What does the word *Ijin san* mean?" I asked at last of my father.

His look was full of sympathy as he answered quietly, "It means foreigner."

At least he understood. That was a great help. And as I looked into his friendly eyes, contrary to all reason and logic the thought came to me, that if we had to be "native" as mother was resolved that we should be, he was all that might stand between me and being "native"!

Our walks became our daily life. At first we wandered out to see the town and then we tramped to

keep warm, for it was beastly cold in the charming rooms at the Inn. After we had roamed through about two weeks and eaten the equivalent number of semi-Japanese meals, Mother suddenly decided that we could be more comfortable in a Japanese house of our own. I was much too young to see the lack of logic in that proposition and welcomed the idea with joy. Almost any sort of privacy would be cheering!

My father suggested that we look for a house on the Bluff, which was the resident colony of the English and other Europeans in the city, but again Mother swept aside such weakness.

“Go to live in the foreign quarter?” her tone relegated all foreign colonies to the uninitiated, “Absurdity of absurdities! Am I to be treated like an ordinary tourist? I have come to Japan to be a resident!”

Scornfully she said this and added that in fact she was planning to buy some Japanese clothes for herself and me. We were not doing the thing properly as yet! She had apparently only just begun.

At this my father quailed. There were limits beyond which he refused to go. “Take a Japanese house in the very center of the most Japanese district if you like,” he answered firmly, “but I absolutely refuse to see either of you in kimonos. Not in my house!”

This was the first time my father had ever asserted himself and it seemed to mark an epoch. There was something that could be learned from all this, of that

I was certain even then, but though I tried to fathom it and get my bearings, I was not able to. I could only feel—and just then I felt that father's determination was something greatly to be admired and respected. It was a sort of safeguard for us all.

Not long after that we moved into one of the most artistically beautiful houses I was ever in. It was approached by winding high walled lanes, up a steep hill, known as Noge-yama, famous for its temple and cherry blossoms. It was in the most fashionable of Japanese resident districts.

The house faced a cliff at the end of the garden, where one could admire the village below, the neighbouring hills, and the sea beyond. The grounds were walled in like all the other gardens, by a high grey wooden fence, which had a large entrance gate, with an inner door that was set in it like an intaglio, so carefully was it panelled. Through this, one entered the garden, dreamlike in its aesthetic beauty. There was a little artificial lake with irregular shores, in which were reflected wisteria, plum and pine, while miniature hills and squat grey stone lanterns gave it perspective and background. From the gate to the house were stepping stones along its peaceful banks, which made one do waltz steps to our door. The house was L-shaped. The lake and the front garden lying within the letter, while the back garden which ended in cliff, and was less artificial and less beautiful than

the front, lay back of the letter L and gave us the view over the country.

As if magic had been the commonest of Japanese customs, servants arrived; heavy silk bedding and cushions appeared in the cupboards; copper pots and pans shone in the primitive little kitchen; scroll pictures and flowers in proper designs adorned our alcoves. We had established ourselves. Or perhaps, I should have said, father had established us.

To live in a Japanese home, minus all oriental art appreciation (by that I do not mean the art that is purchased on Fifth Avenue), or aestheticism is one of the worst paradoxes I have ever played with. It smacks of mania and vaudeville, reeks with inconveniences and always lands one in a state of reform. But it is a game that seems to be part of the life of every newly arrived resident in Japan. Unfortunately, none of us was endowed with the true reformer type of mind, a fact which prolonged our agony.

It was not until we had suffered through several months of indigestion from our unfamiliar food, leg muscles that were cramped continually and almost beyond endurance, and had all caught heavy colds which threatened to turn our noses perpetually red, that mother sheepishly began having one good United States meal served every day, bought a few wicker chairs and accepted my father's happy suggestion, that we have a stove put in the back bedroom. In the

back bedroom, because of course, we all agreed that we were now far too artistic to deface the drawing-room, by introducing a gross beast, such as a Western stove to the philosophical symbolisms of a tokunoma.

These were great improvements. We spent the rest of the winter in the rear room, in spite of all our acquired art appreciation. This one comfortable room finally became a sort of study, in which we gathered around the "gross beast" to do most of our indoor living, while the environs of the tokunoma, with all its refinery and fashion were submitted to the desolation of my nocturnal snores.

As spring came on I used to take my books up on the roof where there was a small square box of a platform, on which clothes were supposed to dry, for clothes never dry in the sanctity of a Japanese garden, and from this forlorn outpost I watched the vessels at anchor in Yokohama harbor. I counted them again and again for the new arrivals, in hopes of mail from home. I grew familiar with all the habitués of the port, for they were my only friends. Each time I saw one missing I knew that my heart had gone with her. I ached for home, for my cousins and Grandmother and even for John Dewey's School of Education.

Cherry blossom season came and we visited the famous gardens. Our own neighborhood suddenly became full of gaily dressed crowds and the clatter of their wooden sandals seemed friendly and drew us

abruptly from the clutches of the lonely shut-in winter days.

Standing at the top of Noge Hill, one looked down on clouds upon clouds of feathery pink blossoms. It was unexpectedly worth living for, so much so that one absorbed new and unknown sentiments, forgiving Japan for a dozen and one discomforts. No wonder people traveled over half the world to see this pink effusion; it was magic. Noge Hill had been bare and weatherbeaten grey all winter, had had only the drab and worn appearance of some old back yard fence but now the cherry blossoms had turned it to fairy-land. If this could be so, perhaps there were other hidden wonders, and for the first time Japan interested even me.

Mother and father studied the silk market. They were completely absorbed with it. We had it on our walks, at meals, and I'm sure they must have dreamed about it at night. We made journeys into the interior to investigate it, and returned to spin out further silk conversations.

The few Japanese who came to our house did not acquaint us with the country or the people. The little girls that my father's friends brought with them for me to play with, stood against the wall and giggled with their kimono sleeves held up to hide their mouths. The men themselves, who worked with my father, brokers, go-down owners, officials of the market and

conditioning houses, paid their formal calls, never brought their wives and seldom came again. They were as socially possible to my mother and me, as if they had arrived from another planet.

Mother made gallant efforts at first. I remember one occasion when following the hostess' ideal of making her guest feel at home, she went to the length of adding to her tea all that he had, first lemon and sugar, then milk, candied cherries, salted almonds, jam and butter. But even this brought us no nearer to our guests.

None of my father's family ever called. They lived in the interior, within their ancestral shojis,<sup>1</sup> and assumed the responsibilities of their thousand graves, and their little village which bore their name, Tamagawa. All except one who was my father's brother, my uncle, a Buddhist abbot in Kamakura.

Though I was old enough to be quite reasoning, still I had subconsciously attributed many rare qualities to uncles, and felt nothing but happiness when it was suggested that we make a pilgrimage to visit him.

I remembered the night when I had been ill in Chicago and my American uncle had sat by my bedside holding my hand and telling me story after story. I thought of the days when he had pretended to be a store keeper behind the ironing board and sold my dolls all their dresses and their play food. Thinking

<sup>1</sup> Paper walls.

of my dear Uncle Frank I could almost feel how tightly he had held me when we sailed down the long toboggan in front of the Chicago University buildings.

To reach the new uncle in Kamakura, we took an early train and were assailed on the way down by the usual students of English, who were then prevalent in Japan and gluttons for education. We were not asked as Consul Hall was once asked, if we could explain how we felt, when we felt like the morning star? Our students on that particular trip had evidently not attempted the intricacies of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." They merely bored us with the undramatic question of our health, the weather and the scenery. One round headed youth puzzled us by talking of "eggs of soldiers," which afterward proved to be "cadets."

Arriving at Kamakura station we managed to "lose" the students and taking rickshaws rode in state through the village to our temple. It was a large and well known temple buttressed by a high stone wall, and surrounded by tall, gloomy trees.

A young monk received us and after some conversation with my father, we were informed that the abbot was in meditation, that if we cared to see him, we could. But—we must not disturb him by speaking to him. An uncle, even a Japanese uncle, might be delightful—but a meditating Buddhist abbot, as far as uncles go, was unquestionably a "flop."

However, mother had come to see my father's brother, and she for one was quite accustomed to bursting in upon an unwelcoming family.

We followed the young priest, who was dressed in flowing robes, who rattled at every step with beads, and who led us through the long dim halls of the temple, to a secluded inner shrine. There in the cooling shadows of Buddhist faith and intense self-absorption sat the man who was my uncle. Back of him were the symbols of thousands of years of oriental thought, candles, and carved figures, and gilded gods, bells and incense burners. He was wearing the priestly robes (they draped about him in ecclesiastical folds) his hands rested with palms upturned and his spirit was lost in the vast planes of some other world. He was a refined, intelligent looking creature, but he was like the presence of the remotest star, and we needed a whole new mechanism for our mental meteorological observatory, another accumulation of scientific theory and reassortment of faiths and experiences, even to look at him. So we three stood at the door and gaped, even as the children in the streets had gaped. We were without reaction. Not even the friendly giggle of the Japanese child escaped us. We examined just as we had been examined, in ignorant unfeeling stares. We floundered in a strange new sea of astonishment, and then decided to go and see the bronze Buddha and the Island of Enoshima instead.

At last we tiptoed out, full of new uncertainties, and fresh doubts. As we put on our shoes in preparation for departure, my mother said, "Very interesting." She had not, at the time, found the comfort and protection of a lorgnette, but had she had one I feel certain that she would have assumed it.

My father answered, "Well, if he wants to sit on a cushion and think he is God, what harm is there in it, anyway?"

We bowed our goodbyes to the young escort monk, and never found time to go there again, though I stayed nine years in Japan and mother stayed eighteen and father is still there.

Next day I sat on the roof and watched the ships on the blue bay, and began to think.

THE FACTS WERE THESE—IN AMERICA I was Japanese. In Japan I was an American. I had an Oriental father who wished to live like an Occidental and Irish mother who wished to live like a Japanese. I had a series of eccentric traditions on my Western side and a thousand unknown, silent Tamagawas, buried in their own family cemetery on the other.

My mother's friends had thought of me as a decoration, or a gimcrack; and my father's friends now thought of me as a barbarism and a blemish. I had had an uncle in America who had played doll's store on the ironing board for my amusement, and I now had an uncle in Japan who sat on a cushion, in the mysterious dimness of an inner temple and "thought he was God"—Was this to be for my amusement also?

Somewhere in between all this, I existed. I was neither American, nor Irish, nor Japanese. I had no race, nationality or home. Everybody, who seriously considered me at all, immediately focused upon me an eye glued to a microscope or a monocle. I was a curiosity, of that I was very certain and I could see

little concealment or delicacy in it all. What I wanted to know was whether I was a pleasing or an unpleasing curiosity, for I could not spend my life chasing other people's trains of thought and missing one train after another. That was annoying even to an Irish-Japanese of thirteen years.

I was exactly the same child, who had left America only a few months previously. I had not changed during those long blue days crossing the Pacific; yet in Japan, among the Japanese, I was even more an alien than I had been in America, where people had paraded me as an example of all things Japanese.

There was something vitally wrong with the logic of the whole situation. I was as far from being what I now recognized as the "Japanese doll," as a monkey is from being a jellyfish. But on the other hand, could I be as completely crude and boorish as my father's friends evidently thought me?—After all my mother's and uncle's efforts for my "improvement" and the developing influences of what had been represented to me as one of the best schools in America?

My thinking resulted in chaos.

There were no answers to these questions. They were all perplexing whirlpools of thought to me, aged thirteen, and instead of becoming quiet lakes of reflection, some of them have become regular maelstroms, now that I am thirty-six. Life was and is a multifarious confusion. I began to see that people

thought in groups, in societies, in nations and in whole races, and they all thought differently. The unaccepted, the unexpected, like myself, must remain forever outside of it all, but nature fortunately left such exceptions with a sense of humor.

The weather was gradually getting warmer. We had visited plum gardens, cherry-blossom haunts, azalea, wisteria and iris festivals. We had ventured up to Tokyo and down to Kamakura with only the aid of the little red book, and had wandered through one famous temple after another and lingered along the Imperial Palace moat to admire the willows. But the heat caught us suddenly in a new network of mental conflicts. Walking daily through the Japanese village near home had become as habitual to us as the radio addicts' morning call to exercise. Perhaps the fact that we had attained, by that time, an almost complete social isolation had something to do with our daily treadmill. Certainly as there were no libraries, or movies, or Metropolitan museums, or European lectures, there seemed to be little else to do. How many countless miles we walked, trying to escape the thought of our situation, yet too reserved to discuss it with each other!

One day tramping along, clothed in all our Western customs and costumes, we turned the corner of our lane to find ourselves confronted by what seemed to us then, something almost lurid—a coolie, who on

account of the more temperate weather, had divested himself of all his garments, excepting a loin cloth, and who stood leaning against a neighboring stone wall cheerfully fanning his bare brown "state of nature."

Mother and I looked at each other without a word, turned and fled down another street. We had scarcely lost our trepidation from this first vision, when two more utterly self-conscious males, practically nude, approached us hauling a heavy cart loaded with bags of charcoal. Again we fled in silent embarrassment! But it was useless. Wherever we went, we soon found that clothes-less coolies were there before us. They did not evoke even a passing interest from the community, and we presently discovered that our rash flight was merely from ourselves, for however free and unimpeded their condition, the coolies themselves had no intention whatsoever of pursuing us.

We reached home in a humiliating state of palpitation. But mother with her usual dignity and determination to carry off a situation, made no comments. It was several days later, however, before she again suggested that we walk. I can well remember the surprise I felt at the suggestion, for I had quite made up my mind to stay in for the rest of the summer, but I was too shy and too well trained to resist her. As for my mother, I suppose she had composed her soul to accept the inevitable and certainly un-

clothed coolies were the inevitable in Japan that summer, but mother swept past them all with an unseeing eye and never discussed the matter with me.

The only time I can remember her nearly approaching the subject was at a dinner given sometime afterward by the mayor's son to my father. We were gathered at a lovely Japanese Inn, and seated on the mats, with our individual, black-lacquered little tables in front of us. We had juggled along with chop-sticks to our fourth or fifth variation of fish and pickles, when one of the Japanese gentlemen remarked: "The Mayor would like so much to send his son to Europe, but he says that it is impossible to do so, on account of the strange Western morals."

I could see that mother showed all the signs of inward "bristle" at that. Ever since her triumphant exit from Chicago, I had felt that mother had become vaguely like my Grandmother, though she could never quite acquire the absolute command, which had been the essential element of my Grandmother's spirit. She "bristled"—but weakly.

"Moral? Morals?" I can see her now, rearing back on her pongee cushion, like a shying pony, and pulling her skirt down over her stocking feet which protruded beyond her cushion on the mats.

The Japanese gentleman explained, "The Mayor

considers undraped statues unfit to be seen by his son. He thinks European art unmoral."

How he irritated her Adams instinct for making herself obnoxious! And my poor father, how hopelessly he tried to signal her from behind his rice bowl... He knew exactly what was on her mind and the answer, "It's the custom of the country," nearly burst into words, but he also knew that once started after an idea or a bell-boy, she would ignore all reason until she caught it, so he subsided as she leaped upon her prey.

"But what about your Japanese coolies?"

"Our coolies?" the man answered, as if he had never thought of one before.

"Yes. These undraped coolies?" she persisted, becoming almost a social menace to my father.

"Ah, yes—I see," came the quiet answer, "but they are different. It is one thing for a man to remove his clothing when very hot, very tired, and working beyond his strength, but it is quite something different, for you to have rows of undraped statues in your art galleries, for the public to go and look at."

This was food for thought. It had an odd ring of truth about it. I had been wrong so many times, my conception of the world had been so jarred, that I was driven toward doubt. I had been trained to admire Italian art, but—could I be trained to admire nude coolies as well?

Perhaps I was like the little boy, whose picture was in one of my early childhood books. He had swallowed a cherry stone and the artist had conceived him prostrated at the end of the page with a tall cherry tree growing from the pit of his stomach. I, too, had swallowed cherry-stone ideas about myself and Japan, and their growth and development amounted to just such a full-blooming Japanese cherry tree, flowering weightily somewhere in my middle.

There were so many things about Japan that had no answer, except the one which my father repeated so constantly that it was fast becoming a family joke, "It's the custom of the country."

In spite of my notion to the contrary, mother kept insisting that she adored Japan, that no other country had ever so charmed her and that she loved the art of Japanese living (not to mention the reforms). Personally I found it more artful than full of art, for we had only attempted it for about six months and had almost reconstructed the whole house. But this was not the first time I was to discover that the best way to be successful was to assume triumph.

However, a good excuse saved us from another winter in the "artful" house.

One day when summer was well begun, mother and I were called out, just after breakfast, to see what was happening in the village below. We stood on the

edge of our cliff and looked over our back bamboo fence at the rows of dark shanty-like huts hardly a hundred feet below us. People were being carried out on stretchers and officials, in blue coats, with white gloves and breath protectors were mingling with the white coated ambulance attendants. They seemed to be working desperately, as if time were their chief business in life. We were close enough to hear their shouts and short commands, and to surmise that some of the patients were dead. My father came out, and sent the gardener to inquire, who soon came running back with the news that it was—the plague.

We vacated within three days. Of course we had to move. There was nothing so astonishing in that after the first rush of flight was over, but we moved, not to some other Japanese section of the city, but to the fourth floor of the Retz Building which was the only apartment house in Yokohama, situated in the very midst of the foreign resident quarter, on what was known as the Bluff.

Life on the Bluff was a new experience. I had lived in America and had tried living in Japan and now I began the polyglot existence of life on the cosmopolitan Bluff—and bluff it was. We all recognized it sooner or later, but nothing would have induced us to give it up. It was our one and only common denominator.

People from every known and unknown portion of Europe and America were gathered there; on the "Bluff." They were a strange conglomerate collection of humanity. Religious fanatics, artists, cult addicts, pacifists, militarists, and the cynically bored but all by choice blind to the mass of native life that surged around them.

The West wind blew Eastward, with a superficial and satirical breeze.

We heard only the West "a callin'," and longed to silence even the whispers of the East. We came to teach; not to learn. This was the unwritten law of the Bluff. One faction came to convert the heathen, another to make money out of them, the third came to prove some theory, scientific, international, or philosophical and the fourth stayed to settle the difficulties legal and political which rose between them all.

This sort of community had been mother's fate in Italy, or at least something very similar, and so this she understood, this she could "handle" without difficulty. In fact, with all the ease of some well-learned acrobatic feat, she regained her poise and acquired her position on the Bluff.

The Retz buildings, for there were two of them, were of red brick, and were as ugly as our little Japanese house had been beautiful, but they were comfortable. They sat firmly behind a conventional,

rather English garden, inclosed by a high black iron fence, with a large iron gate attended by the "momban," or gate-keeper, whose duty it was to guard the compound from unattractive visitors. The momban had a hut, almost as small as a sentry box. He had a wife and three children and at night when they all lay down to sleep their gate house was so small that they looked like lollipops in a box.

Our servants whom we had brought from Nogeyama were made useless by the change. They spent most of their time gasping with wonderment over the astonishing mechanisms of this new world. They tiptoed past the fire-places and put flowers and candles in front of them, because they thought they were God-houses. But most embarrassing of all was their insistence upon corralling all the delivery men and stray coolies to admire the processes of our bath room. The gas stove in the kitchen reduced them to shrieks and giggles that rendered all possibilities of a meal highly improbable.

Mother stood this for a few days and then discharged them. Two or three days on the Bluff cleared mother's slate of all patience with natives. This reversal of attitude was far too sudden for me. It was like a game of now-you-see-it-now-you-don't played on some unsuspecting child. But I was too greatly relieved over the fact that we were not to be "native," to soar in art and discomfort, to care very much

whether I understood it all or not. Life's see-saw had tipped again, and it was luxury to slide back toward something resembling terra-firma; to come to ground even on the "Bluff."

The departure of the two round faced maids, with their few belongings wrapped in the usual gay scarfs, smiling their goodbyes through their tears, seemed to symbolize the departure of all Orientalia. As soon as they were gone our household lounged back into the comfortable, silent and formal efficiency of some bluff-trained servants and all the mad disorder of our desperate efforts to be natives came to an end. In fact they ceased so suddenly that they might never have been. It was as if one of the little maids had carelessly wrapped up our whole Nogeyama adventure in one of her gay scarfs and carried it away with her.

In the autumn Mother arranged for my new system of education—the French convent every morning and the German school, presided over by a most excellent instructor (Miss Jahn) and attended by ten or twelve English pupils, every afternoon. The French convent, which stood in the midst of a luxurious garden behind a great stone wall, was as unlike John Dewey's school as two schools could possibly be. The nuns were terribly human. They had all worked out in the Far East for years and they were unworldly perhaps, but very worldly wise. They

knew their cosmopolitan Japan better than half the people on the outside and, strange as it may seem, they taught manners and sophistry more freely than mathematics.

Old Mme. Ste. Croix had but one idea and that was to put knowledge into us. There were no thoughts of "drawing" anything out of us. We either knew what was in the book or we didn't; and no one was in the least interested in anything that was not in the book, whichever book it happened to be.

The scholars were of such violently mixed races and varied nationalities that a straight Anglo-Saxon or a Latin was a freak. There were Chinese-Portuguese, French-Japanese, Swiss-Japanese, Italian-Chinese, and all the combinations of Anglo Easterns; many of them illegitimate. But to us children of this strange polygamous and polyglot world there were only three social groups,—grown-ups, children and natives.

At the School of Education in Chicago the children had made feeble efforts to do their best. We had all had a sort of pity for the honest, or at least seemingly honest affection which our teachers gave us. But in the convent education made progress in an entirely different fashion. Here we could be as strong minded as we liked. The teachers, all ancient French nuns, were our natural enemies for we were there to learn and they were there to teach and no one in

the whole place even dreamt that anybody else enjoyed it... But we learned a great deal.

Once Mother complained about my lack of arithmetic. Mme. The Superior folded her beautiful deft hands and murmured, "Higher mathematics are vulgarizing for a woman."

In spite of this viewpoint we acquired more knowledge at the old convent than could have been expected, perhaps even more than we did with dear Miss Jahn who made us all too familiar with the vulgarities of higher mathematics!

It was another case of those outside of the game knowing most about it, for Miss Jahn who would surely have been considered more worldly in purpose, taught only facts, while at the unworldly convent we gradually learned most about dealing with them and with the subtleties. Facts, tragic, dramatic and sometimes comical; facts of life, problems, poured into the convent through the little back gate —poverty, disease, scandals, illegitimate white and half caste children—orphans, victims of involving and complicating situations—the cases came day by day to the Sisters. Since then I have met hundreds of women, individually and collectively all about the Earth, but I doubt that I will ever meet any more worldly ones than these Sisters. Perhaps it is not cigarettes and limousines that make for sophistication, but convent veils and flat heeled shoes!

The real value which I got from both these schools, however, was not education, but friendship,—the friendship of three other little girls. We formed a comradeship comparable in faith and feeling only to that of Dumas' Three Musketeers for like them we held together in the strongest of bonds against our common enemy, the Sisters, to make life interesting for each other.

We were Protestants, in faith and feeling. Also of that strange class of mixed and mingled races, we were nearer Anglo-Saxon. Connie was English, Milly was German, Karin was Swedish and I was the exception.

We four sat in the back row and practised our conventions by standing in determinedly prudent puritanism, while the others knelt for Catholic prayers. Four funny little girls protesting against the Catholic church! Four futile protests against the Latin world and the Sisters... childish narrow minds that shut with a click of steel-traps, a click which was so loud that it should have been heard had not the Catholic faith been utterly sound-proof.

Our prudery was not always nobly inactive, for one of our chief delights was to interrupt any attack on the quartette by creating an artificial earthquake. It was easily done by shaking our heels up and down under cover of the desks and it sent the Latins to their pious knees. They always prayed whenever na-

ture or the quartette shook the old school building.

Before I leave the convent, I must mention the art class, conducted by a sweet gentle little woman, who was half Japanese. None of the quartette attended, perhaps, because it was an afternoon affair, and afternoons were spent with Miss Jahn and the facts. However, on several occasions I visited this art class with my mother . . . Dear Miss Schwabe, the most modest and mouse-like of females, half Japanese, and suppressed almost to inaudibility, timid and humble, yet introducing us to her students, with the sangfroid of the most complete sophistry imaginable.

“This is Mr. T——’s little boy.”

“Mr. T——? You don’t mean the well-known Mr. T——? But Mr. T—— has a European wife? How can this be?”

“Oh, but this is the son of their former amah.”

And mother would murmur an “Oh yes?” with an ever-rising inflection.

“And this is Mr. A——’s little girl,” Miss Schwabe would continue in her ladylike tones, “and here is Mr. O——’s and Mr. Q——’s,” etc., etc.

More food for thought, these many half-Japanese!

The curious thing to my youthful point of view was that Mr. O, and Mr. A, and Mr. Q, etc., who were all familiar figures on the Bluff, usually ignored the existence of their illegitimate, while the sailors, or the more lowly members of our bluff so-

ciety, gave them a name and a home, and even often defended their position.

In fact, I remember an amusing instance of this. A certain little boy was excluded from the English church choir because, though he was in his teens, his father had failed to marry the servant-amah who was his mother. The Sunday school teacher who was sent out as an emissary returned greatly chagrined. She was lady-like English, and sent by the rector's wife with the suggestion that the ceremony might be quietly enacted, even at that late date, with the resultant effects of admitting the child to that eminently Christian and respectable throng, the choir, of which I was, at the time, an ardent member.

The boy's father, a gruff, grizzly creature, received the Sunday school teacher with an unexpected tirade. He stormed up and down the floor and worked himself up into such a rage that the young woman left in hasty retreat, fearing apoplexy. She came back trembling with the news that he had burst out at her with such vigorous and violent oaths, that all thought of her Christian duty had instantly left her. After much expression of shock over the oaths, she finally revealed the theme of the man's logic, which, minus the picturesque ejaculations, proved to be somewhat like this:

“What? Insult' MY woman, after twenty years!  
She's as respectable as any woman on this——Bluff,

and if you——members of this——community had a little more humanity and less——reform in your——narrow-minded pig-headed choirs, you'd——well know it, and not come here, tormenting me with your——ideas."

He, it seemed, was full of humanity and anything but narrow mindedness. Besides, he was decidedly angry, and perhaps in spite of his vulgarities there was another little note of logic ringing in his revolt.

The choir was non-plussed over this brutal retort from an outlaw. The rector's beautiful wife, who looked like a gaunt saint, let her violet eyes soar toward the nave of the church in expression of her holy shock and the others expressed an equally convincing horror.

I unfortunately giggled.

Mother squelched me with a look, which though hardly discernible, was enough.

The world was becoming rather more ridiculous to my mind, and religion and semi-oriental legitimacy seemed to have their aspects of absurdity as well.

My father, who was a thorough gentleman, even to the point of being noble over his honorableness, was asked by this super-religious group of ardent Christians, not to attend services with Mother and me, because he was native. This particular brand of

Christians ingenuously explained that they were not missionaries. Mother hushed up the incident and I should never have known of it had I not years later discovered a copy of his letter of reply—It was priceless! He wrote that the clergyman who had signed it need have no embarrassment, or distress on the subject, for he (my father) quite understood that it was not a personal matter (my father, it seems, had a sense of humor)—it was not a personal matter, he wrote, the clergy sent out to Japan had their positions to hold just as he had, and they were forced to consider their parish just as he was forced to consider the Corticelli Silk Company, and that he would not disturb them again with his Christianity, but would attend strictly to the silk market. But he added that he hoped that they would accept mother and me as he would be filled with regret if we were made innocent victims of his nationality.

It is significant that even after this refusal of my father, Mother and I continued our membership at that particular church. It is interesting that he never mentioned it to me, and that he never had a word to say against the rector or the members. His only protest as far as I can recall was made years later, when after my *début*, he objected to a certain reception at which I had been asked to serve tea at the rectory and, it being an English rectory, I had been asked to serve whiskey and sodas to the men as well. He for-

bade me to do so again, and when my mother asked, "Why?" he said, "Because, my daughter is not a barmaid."

The great divide in my life came very soon after his abrupt absence from church. Through the deaths of several members of his family my father became the official family head and was asked to return to the interior and assume his responsibility over the village and estate. This he refused. The next in line was a child, whose mother became a sort of regent for him.

There is a Japanese print showing the famous Tamagawa plum garden with the ladies of the period hanging their annual New Year's poems on the plum trees. Mt. Fuji is in the background and a glimpse of the Tamagawa river in the foreground. To this old garden the Emperor Meiji had made annual visits. The costumes of the print are of an early period (about three hundred years ago) but the print itself of about 1870—or 1880.

How very strange it is, that had my father accepted the post of family-head, these twenty years since might have been a real orientalization for me. Perhaps by now, I, too, might be writing seventeen syllable haikai to hang at New Year's season on the gnarled branches of the plum trees, in that remote old garden. Love poems in place of this rambling autobiography!

Perhaps the kimono sleeve might be falling back along my arm as I reached to touch the highest twist on the tree. Perhaps a little pointed brush might be my weapon instead of this clumsy old typewriter. Perhaps each morning I might be tying obis (Japanese sashes) instead of shoe strings. Perhaps primroses can become cherry-blossoms after all—perhaps—but my Irish refuses to believe it!

“Uma no mimi ni nembutsu,” says the old proverb—and it is indeed, “Holy prayers in a horse’s ear.”

## A TERRIFIC EARTHQUAKE SHOOK US out of the Retz Building.

It occurred one March, about eleven o'clock at night. We had gone to bed and were suddenly waked by the eerie sensation of the sway and rattle which tokens an earthquake. We rushed for the doors, because we had been instructed that the safest place was beneath a door-frame in case of the collapse of a building; the walls were more likely to stand and the frame would prevent things from falling on one's head.

Mother and I stood quietly under our door in the pitch dark. Neither of us moved or spoke a word, but father kept wandering around among the shifting furniture, saying, "Where are my glasses?—Where are my glasses?"

It was horrible.

It lasted for minutes which gave one years of experience—eleven of them to be exact.

There is something totally unearthly about having one's furniture jig about the room in the darkness. It is ghost-like and fantastic. It is like Sibelius' story of the death waltz, wherein the old dying woman

watches the ghostly gyrations of her dead friends as they dizzily revolve around her until Death itself beckons her to the door. Dead friends and inanimate furniture should never dance. There was a sickly rhythm in their shuffling, which I shall never quite forget . . . an uncertainty, an insecurity of confidence in mother nature.

The piano made such a queer thick noise as it edged across the room and jangled in a pitifully vacant manner as it struck the opposite wall.

Then mother said, "I think we are done for this time, old girl." Her voice sounded unnaturally calm, just as if she had said something about the delightful weather we had been having lately, or the fluctuations of the silk market.

"Yes," I whispered back, for I was awed by the limitless power and possibilities of what is so unkindly termed, "the Hand of God."

Father kept repeating stupidly, "Where are my glasses?" But neither mother nor I offered to hunt them for him.

Then there was a colossal crash—the china cupboard had fallen—but it was almost a relief, smothering for an instant the cynically rhythmic noise of the unseen dance of our furniture.

This seemed to be the limit of mother's endurance, for she firmly announced, "I'm going," and rushed toward the front door.

We were on the fourth floor and just as I turned to see if my father was going to follow us, I saw the room slowly melt out into the vastness of the night, and then—I saw the stars above the shadowy next-door roof, and knew that part of the building at least was giving way. For a second I suppose I was too amazed to move. The next thing I felt was my father pushing me ahead of him, in his haste to reach mother, who was running down the hall.

We scrambled down the stairs—other people scrambled above and below us. On the second floor landing a man in his pajamas suddenly opened his door, and as she passed, mother flattened her hand against his chest and pushed him back into his apartment, “Go back to your wife and children!”

But by the time we had reached the ground the quake had almost subsided. Everyone was out on the compound in his night-clothes; rickshaw lanterns buzzed about like excited fireflies and we all talked glibly at each other.

After a time we went quietly back to our apartments.

On the fourth floor we were afraid to light the lights, on account of fire, so we surveyed the wreckage by candle-light and peeped gingerly into the room where the wall was missing but seeing that we could accomplish nothing in the dark, we finally had the courage to go back to bed. None slept.

The old Retz Building is gone now, for in September 1923 the two four-story buildings slid across the Bluff, past the police station half a block away and fell down the hill which led to the German Hospital.

The next day the hole in the bedroom wall, which daylight made even more terrifying, was quite enough to perish our taste for a fourth floor apartment in Japan. Again we bolted.

We moved immediately, without discussion, or family confab; we just moved . . .

Though we were told that a Japanese house was much the safest in a quake we did not move to a Japanese house again, but found a nice comfortable European one. Mother gave reasons, however, this time. She spoke of my schooling, and friends, of our health and comforts and convenience, and my father agreed, though he had never suggested any other change. No mention was ever made of the fact that I might have gone to a Japanese school.

We took delightful trips into the interior every summer, or lingered along the seacoast. I learned to admire the undraped coolie, to watch for the ripple of his muscles as he bent to the rickshaw shafts on a hill; to see him as a picture against the background of blues of the flashing sea and sky, as he paddled by, standing at the end of his craft, or working with the nets, a gorgeous, primitive red-brown statue; and to

return his polite bow in the little country stores without embarrassment.

In fact, just as Forest Hall had endeared America, so Hakone, Kamakura and Ikao drew me closer to Japan.

Our circle of friends grew large. We knew practically everyone on the Bluff, by name, if not in person. It was almost like living in a little town. Often we rescued tourists with our scant knowledge of Japanese, and invited them home and made fresher links with America. Sometimes people came with letters of introduction from Chicago and were welcomed like old, and long lost friends. Then the news came that my cousin Ruth had died and a little later that my Grandmother, too, had succumbed to a serious illness. My aunt wrote that she had died calling for her husband Richard.

She had died begging for my lonely unknown Grandfather—Richard, who had fallen from his hotel window so many years before. Was it not strange that a woman could love so deeply and yet separate herself so completely? Was it her own intolerance, or his, or just a whole lot of conventional ideals and moral principles, different angles and view points that they refused to change, or was it passionate love itself, which separated them?

To me, my Grandmother's death was a blow. Perhaps even a greater blow than I realized at the time,

for with our new swing of modernistic, futuristic, neo-this and neo-that attitudes of mind, no one was ever again to represent for me quite the same things which this powerful figure of my Grandmother signified in my life. She was my great link with that beautiful, sedate English life, which she had left to brave the terrors of first one rugged continent after another. To me she will always stand like some majestic "Lady of the Lake," conventional, perhaps, but with it a certain noblesse oblige, that glanced kindly down a nose of tradition at the uncouth barbarities surrounding her in her new environment. In America, but not of it, she remained to the end a splendid type of that British ruggedness of spirit, which still insists upon dressing for dinner, whether the repast be served under the lights of Piccadilly or in the dank jungles of the Malay peninsula. In short, she did more than live. She stood for something. She cherished the conventions, not as conventions, but as symbols of a then rapidly passing era—an era of poetry and leisure for the arts, an era of Scott and Tennyson, an era of life rather than velocity. And facing all this change from such an England, to an America that was soon to become a jangle of automobiles and radios, she stood a gallant gentlewoman at the gate of my childhood, never deriding the new, but simply ignoring it. Just as her room was quiet and peaceful, and other-worldish, a place for reminiscence and

readjustment, so her life and character picture for my memory an island of security in the whole volatile and contradictory mass that I was to call life.

I lived on in Japan and yet never as a Japanese would live, and I was Japanese and I was not Japanese. For no one who had even the most superficial knowledge of Japan considered that I was Japanese, and the Japanese themselves considered me as a foreigner, and yet was I a real American? Would I ever be completely anything? Or must I always be the exception? Unanswerable questions. Meanwhile I grew up in the foreign community of Yokohama, and reached at last the leisurely years of 1910-12.

How impossible it is now, to realize a life so unhurried, so free. How different the torrent of humanity that flows through the subways, the rush and vigor of our cosmopolitanism, which is New York, from the collection of rickshaw riding foreigners who were trotted along the alleys of the Bluff, forming the cosmopolitanism which was Yokohama.

The colonists who built up the Bluff had a code and tradition of their own. Whole chapters might easily be writtn of their conventions, weird prismatic conventions reflecting ideals and thoughts long forgotten, extinct in every society on the globe, except the colonies of the Far East. There were long lists of occupations and interests which were tabooed. There were attitudes of mind that one had to hold,

to receive even a lorgnetted glance from the mighty who steered society's becalmed vessel on the Bluff. There were people who could be spoken to only under a given set of circumstances and there were also people who didn't exist at all. Individuals were not important, but their "posts" were a matter of life and death. Those in any Government service entered society without question, the banks came next, then silk (which is Japan's great export) then tea and rice, and after these three trades, society pulled up the accommodation ladder and sailed away in its exclusive bark, and left the body of the community to sink or swim on their individual merits, which is, I fancy, a very trying thing to do in any Far Eastern colony. It must be done without hope of life buoy or belt, and no amount of mere brain power could save the man who was careless about his forks at dinner. My great good fortune was that my father was in the silk business; he was known as the only native foreign buyer in Japan, and held a "post" in fact, which held us all. My mother by that time had become very familiar with the intricacies of the silk market and was influential in the security of this post.

So I made my *début*. As we were living quietly with only five servants, my *début* was moderately made by my mother. She gave rather a large "at home," with the "best" people arriving late and the others standing about the walls, tinkling their tea

cups and whispering to each other, who this and that person was, and wondering which tailor had made this or that gown, and whether so-and-so would appear or not.

We lived in a rather large house, number twenty-three Bluff, which lent itself with great ease to just such receptions. It sat back in a luxurious garden and the drawing room boasted six immense French windows which opened on to a porch. Mother had elaborately decorated with candles and flowers in my honor. The silver and the samovar had been polished and the black carved furniture shone solemnly in a huge gold framed Spanish mirror, which lengthened the room. The atmosphere was certainly as nearly approaching what such atmospheres should be, as my highly sophisticated mother could make it. My only true remembrance of the day, however, is of a remark made by one of the mighty, who was great enough to be able to afford cleverness. She was rather an elderly lady with a title, and as she shook my hand, she glanced around at the eminently "nice" people, that were gathered there. Then she leaned over and whispered in my ear, "Where's the corpse?"

Though the formality of mother's reception might well have been called funereal, I proved to be anything but a corpse, for I attended all the balls; joined the Cinderellas; danced at all the receptions given on board the battleships of the various nations when



MOTHER AND I SPENT MANY PLEASANT HOURS IN OUR GARDEN AT  
23 BLUFF, YOKOHAMA.



they came in port; sipped tea at most of the different consulates; went up to Tokyo to the embassy soirées; wedged my way through the Imperial garden-parties; played tennis daily; was chosen for Sleeping Beauty by the Amateur Dramatics and played piano numbers at the Yokohama Literary Society every once in a while. I was "popular" as all we girls bred in the foreign community were.

The old Gaiety was a huge red brick building and served as a community center. It stood at the top of the Bluff nearest the sea, flanked by the British and the American Naval Hospitals. During the winter season the Gaiety became worthy of its name. The balls were staged there, and Charity Bazaars; non-descript revivalists wangled there. Sometimes the Bandman Opera Company wandered in and gave us a series of third rate performances, to which we gladly went because there were no others. There were theaters of course, both in Yokohama and Tokyo, but also, of course, in Japanese. . . . Who but those who have experienced them can tell of the lack of emotional satisfaction one reaches in weathering "The Doll's House," or "As You Like It," or perhaps some of the lugubrious Russian dramas, done in good high class Japanese? So we fled to the Bandman when they opened their ticket office, and paid fearful prices and sat through even worse evenings watching their dirty satin costumes and badly lighted

stage, but revelling in the delight of a real fair haired heroine who spoke English. But the Gaiety glowed and blossomed and became a veritable fairyland when the community gathered for a great ball, for these balls were the culmination of Yokohama's social show—and it was a great show! The balls were arranged for by the men of the Bluff and were a sort of national affair as well. For instance, every American contributed twenty-five yen when the time for the Columbia ball came round on each Washington's birthday. Each contributor was then given five guest cards which he sent to friends. As there were balls given by the Scotch, the Irish, the English and some of the other nationals, it need hardly be stated that tickets of invitation usually went to as many various nationalities as possible, either in return for theirs, or in hopes of further incoming invitations. On the great day we girls dressed for hours, went to each other's homes and had orgies of hair fixing, and kept our little world of Japanese amahs scurrying about humoring our whims of tittivation. There were no beauty salons and all feminine doctoring had to be done by friends, usually by the older sisters of the family who were willing martyrs.

Our dance numbers and even the extras were booked days in advance. The young men had to pay us formal calls for this purpose, sometimes weeks ahead. Indeed they usually hurried to our homes at

tea hour as soon as the invitations were out, or they would never have had a dance because there were so many more men than women present at these functions. Black full-dress suits paneled the walls and blotted out the naval bands whose bright uniforms, banked on every side by flowers, would otherwise have dominated the picture.

A woman's one great crime was to mix up her dances and if by chance the uniform of some stunning naval officer were mistaken for the somber black of an ordinary civilian, the sin was unpardonable and never forgiven. It happened once with me and the landsman in question cut me, out of even a bowing acquaintance. It was an unwritten code of honor which I had broken. And my prayers for mercy and forgiveness were indeed as if delivered to a horse's ear.

One of my English girl friends was engaged to a British navy man. They were both very much in love but what was love compared to this tradition that a man's name on a dance program must be held sacred for his particular few minutes of dance?

This brilliant young naval officer was new to the Far East, he came unexpectedly into port on the day of a great ball. She said, "Even all the extras are filled. . . You understand?" But he did not. What newcomer could understand? So tragedy ensued—tragedy that was never remedied for she later mar-

ried a German and divorced him during the Great War. All this because custom would not allow any shuffling of names on a lady's dance program! Hearts smashed, lives twisted, and bitterness in the place of dreams, but dance programs still intact.

Karin's father was the Swedish Minister Plenipotentiary and they kept establishments in both Tokyo and Yokohama. Their Yokohama residence was one of the show places of the Bluff and it took an army of thirty-three servants to properly manipulate it. Karin's mother entertained more lavishly than most of the mighty and we, the quartette, participated in all the excitement of seeing her preparations for the season. Dresses came from all the greatest Paris firms and were stood in an extra bedroom on dummies made to Madame's form. We were fascinated with the ones for the court functions and her five yard train had a royal air that was impressive for, as is the custom in most courts, the length of her train designated her rank. When Karin made her *début*, however, a very simple, "jeune fille" garment arrived from Paris with the other magnificent gowns. Our society believed, with the European trend of thought, that young women should be very simple and that sophistication together with all its flash and glitter should be for the married only. Among some of the French women this viewpoint was a confirmed convention. As one French woman expressed

it, when an English girl protested that she could not marry a certain man, because she had no affection for him, "Nonsense my dear, you marry him and zen you have ze pick of all the rest . . ."

Karin and her mother were not of this school of thought even though they conformed to the "jeune fille simple" ideal in Karin's dresses. In fact, in spite of her Imperial invitations, her Paris gowns, her two enormous establishments and her train of followers, Madame was one of the most sincerely simple souls I have ever had the pleasure of knowing. She was an unworldly woman of the world. She was regally unsophisticated and she instilled in those who knew her the deepest respect for such sincerely democratic aristocracy, which believed that power could never be divorced from love and responsibility. There was never a poor peasant, or court lady, or a member of her multitudinous household, or any of the obscurest, or most brilliant, who gave her friendship that she ever forgot. She planned for my happiness almost as she did for her own daughter's though she had no reason other than her own sweet friendship for doing so. She had no pity for affectation. Once at a British embassy tea I remember a certain ambassador's daughter boasting that she had never ridden in a street car. Madame said, "Oh, you must try it. Tomorrow just take five sen and see how far you can go.

It's marvelous how far you can ride in Tokyo on just five sen. Do try it."

I remember speaking to her about the affectation of another lady and she said, "Don't you see my dear, that people like that are merely afraid? If they ever stepped down off their pedestals, they could never scramble back up again."

Karin and I and our two mothers frequently took walking trips into the interior of Japan. Madame said, "I do like to have your mother with me. Wherever she goes something exciting is sure to happen."

We would ride to some out-post of train travel, then take a rickety old bus and after reaching the farthest point of its route, we would hire horses to carry our bags and start out on foot to climb mountains and trail rivers.

We always took the second, or third cook from Karin's household, for Madame was familiar with Japan and had no illusions about weeks of chop sticks and rice. We traveled with a regular canteen of canned goods, jars of pate-de-fois-gras, sardines, frankfurters and caviar, tins of English biscuits, Swedish hard bread and packages of American crackers.

We got into all kinds of dilemmas, in spite of all this bulwark of precaution. Sometimes it was misunderstanding of Japanese customs, or language, or viewpoint and sometimes it was actual physical

hardships. Once, sixteen miles from the nearest railway, up in the mountains of Ikao, I was thrown from a horse. When examined by the Japanese doctor who was called our dilemma seemed to be of all types. He wagged a bullet-shaped head and spoke only one English word, "Incurable. Incurable."

When he departed closing the shoji he had left me petrified with fright. But Mother was always at her best at such moments; she reassured us all with, "Oh, don't worry. He'll go home and study English all night and tomorrow we'll get nearer the truth. Pull yourself together. You're all right!"

Sure enough, next day he arrived bright and early beaming a beatific smile and glowing all over with the word, "Curable. . . ."

I had only broken my collar bone which was soon mended.

Once we had to take a bath with the Innkeeper in the bathroom watching the door. We asked him to go out, but he said, "If I go out, the others will come in." So we just urged him to face the door, which he very courteously did.

One of our chief amusements was to discover a new interpretation of English on some sign. Over a dairy we found one that read, "Ox Milk," on a dry-goods store, "Fancy lady's goods," over the door of another store, "All kinds of manure merchants

within," and once on the stairs of a tailor's shop, "Ladies can have fits upstairs."

One night we arrived at a mountain Inn in the midst of a torrent of rain. The Inn was full, but we were in the most deplorable condition of dampness. In fact, the Innkeeper, though he spoke Japanese, expressed the sentiment of Dickens' character who said, "The ladies are so dem-demp" and obligingly suggested that we might occupy their European dining room, which had been built more for swagger than for use and was at the moment stolidly retaining its perpetual emptiness.

It was a large room, full of that bleakness which accompanies all unused chambers, be they Japanese rooms in Jackson Park, Chicago, or European dining rooms in Japan. Our cook-san, a bowlegged individual who might easily have stepped from the funny papers, disappeared toward the kitchen to see if he could concoct some hot food for us and to attend to the baggage.

While this ugly, though serviceable little man was away, the Inn maids brought us the big Japanese wadded kimonos which are usually supplied to guests in similar distress. We soon had all our wet clothing hanging on the chair backs in one corner of the room. After a good hot supper and bath, we returned to our dining bedroom to find the evening confusion of a true Japanese household,—the laying of the mounds

of bedding on the floor, plus the removal of European chairs and tables which in this instance added to the general uproar. Very shortly, however, the hub-bub ceased and five fat beds had been piled on the floor.

“Why five?”

We looked at each other and counted four,—and counted four again. Then we rang for the servant, for whom we prepared our best possible Japanese, “Why five?”

The little maid bowed as she knelt at the door, but looked puzzled. Another appeared and still the puzzle grew. Finally the Innkeeper himself arrived.

“Why five?” we insisted, counting and pointing. He spoke English but the answer stunned us for a second, “Oh, isn’t the Master going to sleep with his four wives?”

A silence of bewilderment.

Then a giggle from the maids—dear, dear, wasn’t that the convention even in our barbaric lands?

So, poor innocent Icho-san, Madame’s second cook had been mistaken for our husband, and we for his accumulative wives. The Japanese in the interior, it seemed, thought of foreign lands, “where anything might be,” just as our old, colored Nan in Chicago, who had said, “Maybe cats and dogs don’t have no fights in Japan. . . .”

ON OCTOBER THIRTIETH, NINETEEN hundred eleven, just at dusk, a British consulate sendo came sauntering down our garden path.

The consulate used sailors as messengers and general utility men. They were the relics of those days when a launch had been provided for the consul to meet battleships as they came into port. Consulate launches were obsolete but the sendos remained,—a crew of tars without a tug. All Japanese, but they wore the British uniform and were part and parcel of the consulate. They ran messages, cleaned the tennis court (which was a feature of the consulate) picked up our balls when we played and often served tea under the trees that lined the inner side of the high wall that surrounded the grounds. What they did for the office remains a mystery, but when on household duty these shipless sailors were requisitioned for all sorts of unsailor-like detail. I can see one now, his gnarled and ugly old Japanese face set like a contradiction of fate, on top of a British tar's uniform, subjected to the kitchen to stir the Christmas fruit cake.

We designated them by "the tall-one"—"the old-one"—"the thin-one"—"the ugly one."

It was the "tall-one" who came sauntering into the garden, that autumn eve. He carried a note, which we of the Orient call a chit. There are so few telephones out there that we constantly communicated by chits, sent back and forth in the hands of the rickshaw men.

This particular chit was from Connie, daughter of the British Consul General.

It read, "Come along over and help get ready for the party."

I scratched a hasty "yes," in the chit book, and hurried into the house to find Mother who usually went with me.

How little I thought, as Mother and I swung along the Bluff after dinner that evening in our rickshaws, that the chit—which had been delivered so quietly and which seemed so insignificant—was a herald of my future destiny.

Connie's family lived in a big roomy house, about half a mile down the main road from ours, so we soon found ourselves in their comfortable dining room, where she and her sisters were busily slaughering orange and black material and autumn branches for the hallowe'en party.

A fire was burning in the fire-place and in front of it, as was his habit, stood Connie's father, hands

clasped behind, grey-haired and blue-eyed, with his head cocked to catch the nuance of every one's sentences; one of Britian's great little men. A man who was always ready to wipe away silly notions concerning Japan, with a keen brain, forty years familiarity with the country, and an impatient gesture of the hand, that assured the interloper of his authority, probably the greatest scholar of old and new Japanese laws of his time.

That evening he stood discussing world affairs with my mother and his eldest daughter while his wife busied herself at a desk in one corner and we girls worked for our party.

Connie had been muttering discontent for some time, when she shoved toward me the pad and pen she had been fingering. "Here! Kathleen, write these three fortunes! Everyone is to have a fortune hidden somewhere in the house, with clues as to where they are, and my poor head's in a whirl. I can't think of another long journey, happy marriage, sudden death, or unexpected letter. And I've simply run out of dark and conspiring females and blond beauties and all the rest of it—"

I took the pad.

There were three names, Mr. Cellier was a Frenchman whom I had met; Cato Aall, the Norwegian Consul, whom I knew well, and Mr. Eldridge, I knew not at all.

"Who is this Mr. Eldridge?"

"One of the boys from the American Consulate. Student interpreter at the Embassy or something. . . . Called last week but we were out."

With that meager information I started writing my future husband's fortune.

Japan has ever been pictured as a topsy-turvy world, where books begin at the wrong end, babies swing behind instead of before, keys turn in instead of out, doors open the other way, boats are backed stern first on the beaches and horses' tails swat where their heads ought to be. Certainly I managed to reach the fringes of contrariety when I backed the international horse I was riding into its marital stall by writing my husband's fate before I had seen him! However, in old Japan they mounted the horse on the right side, and this I seem to have accomplished. . . .

I don't remember what I wrote, but I probably did a better job of managing a destiny for Mr. Eldridge than I have done since, though like a good sport, he would deny this.

Next evening at one of the most festive of consular parties, Connie's sister introduced him to me. My husband said I caught his attention because I always hummed when dancing—but never the selection which was being played! I fell in love with him immediately because I thought him divinely ordinary.

If there was one thing I longed for above all others at that point of my existence, it was the ordinary. To be simple—insignificant—and to melt inconspicuously into some environment—seemed to me worth the ambition of a lifetime. This was quite understandable for I had found my seat on the bucking bronco of internationalism, anything but restful. . . Try as I would I could never find the charm in being raceless, countryless, and now to all intents and purposes practically relativeless as well—though mother said it was charming and many agreed with her. Like the old song from the opera *Pinafore*, I—“might have been a Roosian or a French or Turk or Proosian, or perhaps Itali-an.” For by the time Connie’s sister introduced me to my prince of the proletariats, I had had the opportunity of dismissing a rich and worldly Prince Charming of the Russian Embassy; a resplendent, cape-enveloped, golden-haired Italian naval officer with a profile like Michael Angelo’s David and a mouth like the Buddhas; two Englishmen, both too well known for their adventuresome natures to attract me; a heel-clicking German officer from the battleship *Scharnhorst*, who would presently have bestowed upon me a German widowhood, as his redoubtable iron-clad was later bombarded and sunk by the Japanese, and went down with all hands on board.

But—I had had my practical lessons in trying to

be native in two countries and I lacked any curiosity for a third (or would it have been a fourth) splicing of my nationality. At the time, I had developed a healthy distaste for being—perhaps—a Japanese-Irish-Russian Princess, born in the United States, and an equally vivid alarm when I thought of being a Japanese-Irish-Italian, or German, or marrying a “wild” Englishman as my Grandmother had done. And now, even with the perspective of these many years, my mind refuses to swim up the stream of probabilities that one must, to reach the possible nationalities of these fortunately unborn children.

Of course, the most actually extraordinary man of the lot was my husband. But I did not discover this until I was so firmly rooted in the character of the conservative Mrs. Eldridge, that I had forgotten I had ever been considered, or had considered myself a freak, and from that safe viewpoint could even admire his unexpectedness.

My husband's courtship was hectically virile. He has always declared since, that he proposed to me the first time he was left alone with me for five minutes, two months after we met.

Girls of the foreign community were perpetually chaperoned, and mother, who had not expressed her conventionality in her own life, always took great pains to express it in mine. So Frank and I had what might be termed a well supervised affair.

Both father and mother insisted upon a year's lapse before our marriage. They felt that I should finish my social season without the announcement of an engagement so that in case I should change my mind and suddenly develop a passion for becoming a "Roosian," or a "Proosian," or a "Turk," I could make the adjustment without undue embarrassment.

My husband, on the other hand, tells me that as soon as our engagement was announced he was subjected to unlimited promptings and persuasions not to marry a half Japanese.

In spite of this conflict of thought on the subject, our ship of destiny landed us on the shores of marriage—November sixteenth, nineteen hundred twelve. I was just nineteen and my husband was twenty three. To us our marriage was a romance in spite of the ludicrous incidents, the exotic thoughts about it, and the long drawn out complicated legal process through which we passed before we were pronounced man and wife.

My own romanticism created part of the prolongation of time for this legal feat, and caused the casualties of unromance.

When I think of the calm and facile way in which Connie wandered into the New York City Hall last year, and how quickly and quietly she filtered through the processes of the law to make her egress with a husband, my own marriage ceremony becomes

a sort of legal endurance test by comparison.

Far from Yokohama, in the northern mountains of Japan, lies the little town of Maebashi. It is a collection of thatch-roofed Japanese farm houses, grasping the shores of an enormous cataract-filled river which dashed by like an infuriated maniac, mocking at their peace and whipping their many mill-wheels to a whirr of industry for the silk spinning. Silk is the life and thought of the village. Towering above is Mt. Asama—a never quite inactive volcano, whose nightly flares roar forth unheeded warnings of man's insecurity.

In the autumn season Maebashi becomes a flame of gold and brown, with highlights made by the famous red maple leaves. The land is a blaze of color over the foothills and up the mountains toward the summit of Asama, out of which the eternal smoke drifts grey against the changing skies.

In the center of Maebashi, in the only European house for miles and miles around, lived an Episcopalian clergyman, his wife and family. Their spacious mission house was well furnished and had a touch of art about it (a materialization of Mrs. Andrews' good taste), and an assurance of solid comfort about it reminding one of the security which could be found in Father Andrews. He was not a Catholic priest, and yet he was seldom called anything but "Father" Andrews.

About the house lay a beautiful woodsy garden filled with gloomy old trees and a zig-zag brook that separated it from a quaint, though complete little church. This church might have been wafted straight from Europe, and it immediately transported the spectator to that Old-World atmosphere.

We had known the Andrews family in Chicago, and because of their friendship and the poetic locale, I chose Maebashi as the beautiful and romantic spot for my marriage.

Mrs. Andrews was hospitable when we made the suggestion and wrote us to make a real old fashioned house party of the affair and stay at least a week. She opened her home to the ladies of the party and suggested that the gentleman might stay at the Japanese Inn not far from the mission. It was a long and charming letter, and among other things she happened to mention the death of a fox terrier, and how deeply grieved were the hearts of the children, Roslyn and Cyril. We decided to accept her delightful plans for the wedding and, of course, among the many other preparations began a secret hunt for a fox terrier, not an easy thing to find in Yokohama in those days.

November sixteenth approached and guessing the wheels within wheels of explanations and interpretations through which our marriage-in-the-interior would have to grind before it would reach the intel-

ligence of the Japanese court, police officials, and the American consulate, we began the process on Monday, ten days or more before the wedding. It proved to be a wise time allowance.

Our first step was to register at the Yokohama court. In the course of the week we received our Japanese certificate of marriage and taking this complicated bit of paper, full of hieroglyphics and red seals which I could not read, to the American consulate, we were again duly registered and again in time received a less exotic and more reassuring document, with a nice large blue seal at the bottom and the unmistakable words CERTIFICATE OF MARRIAGE at the top.

By the following Monday although we were not at the end of our legal torture, we were at least well enough on the way to being married to start for Maebashi.

On that Monday, Madame, who had dispensed with all sorts of important engagements; Karin, looking like some beautiful Norse fairy queen; my mother being her calmest at an exciting moment; our house amah, her arms loaded with bags; Ichō, Madame's trusty cook, our once supposed husband; a rickshaw full of cabbage-headed white chrysanthemums; and two others full of suitcases, lunch baskets, rugs, extra coats, my hat box, a huge box containing the thirty pound wedding cake and a *dog*, gathered

at the gate of Twenty-three Bluff and migrated for Maebashi. . . No, the dog and the wedding cake were not packed in the same box but before the trip was over we ardently wished they had been.

My father, Frank and the other friends were to follow in a day or two, we being merely the advance decorators, as it were, so Frank's appearance at the Yokohama station when we reached it, was unexpected though of course delightful.

He rushed out to meet our rickshaws as we drew up, waving an insignificant enough looking package.

"Look here," he cried as soon as we were lined up for the lowering of the rickshaw shafts, "These are my collars, and I've sent off the trunk—I'm playing tennis on Friday and there won't be any time for a change before I catch the train. Do you mind?"—and the collars, the important and inimitable collars, the white symbols of the proletariat, were handed over to me.

Never having been married before, and as I had no brothers and only a father who had lately taken to Japanese clothes and whose garments, in any case, were attended to by the most efficient servants in the world, my education had been sadly neglected on the subject of the true importance and significance of a man's white collar. I put them in my hat box together with my new hat, and the white satin candle

shades. . . Had I but known, death itself couldn't have snatched them from me!

While I was tenderly installing the collars in my hat box, mother had been plotting for the welfare of the *dog*. Japanese officials are unreasonably fond of their rules. When their hieroglyphics read "No Smoking" or "Keep Off," they mean it. Likewise when they read "No Dogs Allowed." But mother liked the dog. She said, "Poor pup, he's too small to go into the baggage car all alone. The laws are stupid, but of course we won't submit. It can be managed—It is all so simple—" We looked at her aghast but she persisted, "All we have to do is to give the dog to Frank, who can conceal him under his coat and stand near the gates and when the train is to move off, Frank can run down the platform and hand the *dog* through our coach window."

All went well, the train started. Frank sprinted. The *dog* gave a yip as he flew through the window and we moved off too rapidly to see or hear Frank placate the officials with his excellent knowledge of the language and of official Japan.

We changed trains. And again we changed trains. It seemed that we changed more trains than we could possibly have ridden in. We would no sooner relax our battle to keep the multitudinous baggage from pursuing us around the red plush of our first class coach, than Ima, our Amah, or Icho, the cook, would

be tapping frantically at our windows, to which they had hastened from their third class coach, imploring us to descend, together with suitcases, hat box and *dog*; and add ourselves to the pool of boxes, bags, packages, baskets and chrysanthemums which formed magically about us all. At each transfer of trains there was a period of calm wherein the servants mounted guard over the luggage, while we four took turns in concealing the "Dawg" under our wraps and smuggling food from the baskets to keep him silent. He liked all sorts of unheard of things for a dog—grapes, anchovies and finally in a moment of desperation we discovered that he just loved wedding cake! Of course, it was mother who first chipped off a morsel to quiet the dog. At first we pleaded with her,—"In the name of romance and common decency don't humiliate the wedding cake!" But what were words to the yaps of that pup?—Nothing but wedding cake could silence that epicurean animal. He scratched, he nosed, he wiggled—he howled! We plunged for the cake.

Then at one station, in the middle of nowhere, Madame suddenly decided that a telegram should be sent to the Andrews to announce our definite time of arrival, for by that time we had lost one train in the shuffle, arrived too late to catch another, boarded a wrong one and been carried back over our tracks; had waited for another to return us to the proper

spot, meanwhile losing two or three of the various boxes and about a third of the flowers and had picked chunks upon chunks from the bottom of the wedding cake to feed the pup, who was now getting a sort of "wedding cake drunk." But his appetite for the good things of life had to be satisfied or he would betray through the yips and yaps of his strident voice the incriminating fact of his presence, which might cause further unforeseen catastrophies and delay. We were not sure but that, were he discovered, we might spend the night in some wayside police station. Thinking over this alarming prospect we would gladly have packed him in the wedding cake box and let him feed to his heart's content. But fortunately the baker had made the box to fit the cake, or the cake to fit the box and it allowed no space for a fat and now ever fattening puppy.

However, in spite of all these increasingly distressing vicissitudes, Madame still maintained that the Andrews were due a telegram. Madame spoke the largest assortment of languages so it was she who faced the officials. As soon as they comprehended that we wished to send off a wire, literally swarms of them arrived to assist us. . . . With violent gesticulations and ejaculations in several languages, we were finally convinced that the majority of the crowd had gathered the fact that we wished to let someone in Maebashi know the hour of our arrival. So far so

good. But that was only the beginning, for the destination of the telegram proved far less interpretable. After futile efforts to translate the Andrews' address as the "Episcopal Church" at Maebashi, the officials removed their blue caps, scratched their heads and cocked them on the side as the Victor dogs, refusing to understand.

"U-ro-pa O-te-ra! U-ro-pa! U-ro-pa O-te-ra!" Madame kept repeating.

"European temple! European temple!" She then tried French, Italian, German, Spanish, Swedish and Russian.

"Maebashi, Maebashi!" she cried, seeing that "U-ro-pa O-te-ra" was useless. And the crowd repeated "Hai, hai (Yes, yes)—Maebashi!" as if it were a local war-cry. In fact their effort to understand her grew so intense that they became almost hypnotized and followed her "Maebashi! Maebashi!" with an echoing answer as if she were a cheer leader.

Madame, now fully convinced of the effectiveness of her method, again renewed the attack upon their intelligence, "U-ro-pa O-te-ra" "U-ro-pa O-te-ra." I dare say that this, too, might eventually have culminated in some tonal peak of understanding, had not a neat little Japanese official suddenly thrown his hands up above the heads of this mad confusion and quietly shouted "Wouldn't English do?" It did. . . .

All this was not exactly my conception of romance

and yet, in some strange way, it should have been. Here in America I never mention the fact that I was married in the mountains of Japan during the red maple season, that someone does not say, "How romantic!" Perhaps they are right, but at the time . . .

We decorated violently for three days and on Friday the church, the house and even the woodsy garden looked wedding-like and I felt completely practical and un-wedding-like. Guests strayed in at all hours on Friday and recited lengthy narratives of losing trains and boarding wrong ones, to which we responded with cries of utmost amazement—We had found it so simple! But they were all too clever for us and the toast that evening was "Here's to the groom. May he reach Maebashi before the wedding!" One or two assured me that I need have no worry that they would be willing to take his place, and that a wedding at least would be provided for me.

Frank was due on a late train and we all sat up waiting for him. But as I have said, Mr. Eldridge is an extraordinary man, and he proved it that evening by appearing among us on the scheduled time.

The first thing he said as he came in was, "Where are my collars?"

Collars!

I hadn't thought of them since I closed the lid of my hat box in Yokohama station days before.

**THE HAT BOX WAS LOST.**

From that moment until we stood at the altar, romance, ideals, conviviality, and even a common courtesy faded from our minds. It was late at night. We were to be married the next morning, very early. Every European man in Maebashi was a willing lender, but one could count such members of the community on one's fingers, most of them—right there in the room. The party became a veritable white collar brigade. It flew to bits in search for a collar—a collar that would fit. But as far as the neck size went, my husband-elect seemed to be unique in the world. The majority were too small (my husband weighs over two hundred pounds), a few were too large and all were decidedly devastating to his masculine beauty. Meanwhile, there he stood in the very center of the Andrews's classical drawing room, an unpoetical monument of ungroomlike behavior, trying on collar after collar as they were hopefully thrust upon him, while the disenchanted wedding party hurried hither and yon with no thought but of collars.

The servants were roused. They insisted that no shop in Maebashi could boast of such a thing. But we sent them out into the night, coolie and amah, to wake the owners of the few little stores that might possibly have such treasures hidden away in some unnoticed corner. By the time they returned, empty handed, the party had worked itself up into a mood

to attack the village, raze it and pillage every possible shop.

We were desperate!

We produced button hooks and hair pins and nearly wrung the bridegroom's neck—but to no avail.

Madame remembered that she had Baron Goto's card. Baron Goto was Minister of Communications, and his card had once worked miracles for us, though we had never used it except when on the brink of calamity.

The card was hunted, located and dispatched to the station. We sat down and relaxed in a doleful silence, in a gloom such as might accompany a crash in the stock market. No one doubted that a bridegroom *should* have a collar. . . .

The coolie returned from the station, he bowed, "Everything,—everything is being done. Perhaps in the morning."

No hat box! Not a collar!

We were too tired to protest. We looked at each other dejectedly and told each other that it would turn up in the morning. We stood up and lingered in the hall,—and then we went to bed.

I was up at dawn. Our amah laid my soft white wedding dress on the bed and as I looked at it I decided that I couldn't wear it in the midst of such unromance.

All the materials for romance were there, the

Orient, Japan, the red maples, the church in the woods, the man I loved, dear old friends, adoring parents, everything, everything but a collar!

I put on my navy blue traveling dress. Frank would understand. No one but our amah was stirring. I slipped quietly downstairs and out into the garden.

Frank was there, too. All he said was, "I just knew you'd come."

Then a baritone voice from the second floor called, "Say! Frank, you musn't see the bride now—it's—it's—it's *unlucky*!"

There was no time. We had to capture one of those elusive trains for Nikko, for no other left at any reasonable hour that day. We had to get on that particular one. What could have been more of an anti-climax, than not to have left *that* house-party after the wedding breakfast?

The church was filled with incense, jars of white chrysanthemums lined the aisles, branches of autumn leaves festooned the walls, tapers of holiness were lighted before a white altar, dim sunlight streamed through the stained glass windows, there was that hushed and exalted silence while I stood at the outer door, just before the organ pealed out the old Lohen-grin wedding march.

At the altar steps stood Frank, a manifestation of all that was desirable—handsome and dignified in his superior strength and poise.

Suddenly, I wished I had worn my wedding dress. I looked at Karin all in white and my mother and Madame—How could I have been so idiotic?

Then, the organ's sweet tones blazed out. I slipped my arm into my father's. He drew me gently into that incensed, peace-haunted, music-filled dimness—two solemn steps into what must always be the supreme moment of a woman's life. And then—a rickshaw man, in blue cotton coolie coat, mushroom hat and filthy straw sandals, pushed rudely and hastily past me and dog-trotted down the aisle ahead of us towards my bridegroom.

Everything stopped abruptly, even the music seemed to grow cold. Pin pricked ecstasy!

BUT—high above his head, like an offering to the gods, like a banner of Excelsior, like a symbol of triumph, he held—my hat box!

Ah! Romantic and delightful Japan—where anything might be!

ONE OF THE INTERESTING THINGS about life is that chemical compounds are often changed by their contact with other compounds into something new and unexpected.

This was brought home to me at a dinner given in Yokohama soon after Frank and I returned from our honeymoon at Nikko. We were being served a delicious looking lemon meringue pie, when at the first mouthful, the hostess threw up her hands, and with an expression of horror on her face, halted all our forks in midair.

“Wait!” she cried. . . . “Wait!”

The Japanese cook had made the pie faithfully following the recipe—except for one slight substitute. He had used vinegar instead of lemon! Both were acids. Both equally good for mayonnaise, but who wanted vinegar pie?

What about one hundred and ten different varieties of missionaries, which were listed as residing in Tokyo? Was Japan like a mayonnaise that would be equally “good” after a dose of Mormonism, or Christian Science? Or was it a lemon pie in which

the substitution of "something different" might prove fatal?

Some such doubts disturbed Frank and me after we were married and had settled ourselves comfortably in the upper region of Twenty-three Bluff. At any rate, we were young enough to feel a vague philosophical distress that finally lured us to Ethnic Center in Tokyo.

Ethnic Center was presided over by one of the finest non-partisan philosophers whom I have ever had the pleasure of being in contact with. He and his wife staged a free-for-all intellectual boxing match every Sunday evening. It was well attended by every type of religionist. There were Buddhists, Christians, Mohammedans, Hindus, Jews, Zoroastrians and many others, including Atheists and followers of Comte, Nietzsche, Swedenborg and the various other Germans.

At Ethnic Center the talk was always informal, though serious questions of comparative religions were discussed as well as those of minor importance. The latter were often more amusing. Once a stout American woman leaned over to me after several hours of Swedenborg and murmured in deadly seriousness and with a show of true emotional upheaval, "Just to think—just to think, my dear, your dog will go to heaven and my cat won't."

Out of these many minds rose all kinds of gods.

It was a strange international crew and from their thoughts the Genii of the lamp of truth would obediently appear at the wish of the owner. Then for the brief space of an evening we would all be transported by the magic carpet of religious fervor to distant palaces of Idealism; there to enjoy the illusion of truth for as long a period as the owner could exercise his authority over the fearful slaves of the lamp. During the ensuing week, however, the ownership of the "lamp of truth" invariably changed hands so that on the following Sunday when the same Genii appeared in response to the rubbing of a new owner we would all be as surprised as he was, at the new pilgrimage in an entirely different direction, all in the name of Truth. The lamp never seemed to change but the wishes of its many polishers conjured up a new picture every Sunday.

Barracatulla, that famous Indian revolutionist, on whose head the British later thought it well to put a price, was a frequent guest, vociferously arguing on occasion that we were greater than God, because God was only immortal, while we were both mortal and immortal. One night he brought a friend,—a thin, dark man, who stood in the middle of the floor and shook an imaginary sword at arm's length, repeating, "We are shaved by the shord!"—"Shaved by the shord!"—(saved by the sword). But he had a whisp-like black beard that waggled with his every word,



**MY HUSBAND AND I SOON AFTER OUR ROMANTIC MARRIAGE  
IN JAPAN.**



and gave us doubts as to whether he had ever been shaved by anything, least of all a "shord."

It might have been at Ethnic Center that a famous case occurred. A Catholic priest converted a Calvinist and the Calvinist converted his converter the Catholic priest. A sort of pussy-in-the-corner game of religions, so it appeared to the bewildered spectators.

At any rate Ethnic Center was the most religiously unstable place that anyone might hope to find.

I had often wondered what the Japanese must have thought of this flood of conversion which had risen for their benefit. But one day I gleaned a bright flash of their psychology.

We had taken a small Japanese house by the sea for the summer. I happened to be alone that day and in a talkative mood inquired of our house amah, "What do you think about the lectures Mr. Anger is giving?"

Mr. Anger was a missionary who had lately come to the village. He was a nice, cheerful chap and had been studying the language with much zeal. His lectures had been given in Japanese. Several days before this, he had called and told us with delight illuminating his otherwise rather plain face, "Your amah attends my lectures regularly. She is so pious, so humanitarian in her viewpoint. . . . It is such converts as these that make our lives worth while. I spend

hours over the language as you know, but it is all worth while—worth while. . .”

It interested me to find a blossoming convert under our very roof. But she was reticent about expressing herself. I had to cajole her between bites of the good fried shrimp she had served me and I spoke of all the vast effort America had made to send out such missionaries.

At last she remarked casually enough, “Well—I do think it’s very nice to have Jesus Christ spending his vacation in Dzushi.”

... ! I nearly choked.

“Yes. It’s such a long way for Him to come.”

“Does the village folk think Mr. Anger is Jesus Christ?” I urged.

“Oh, yes. And isn’t it nice of Him to study our poor language?”

...

During my girlhood I had been studying music under Rudolph Reuter, who was at the time in charge of the Imperial Academy of Music and who was later at the Chicago Musical College. I had also studied Japanese “flower arrangement” under one of Japan’s great flower philosophers. This art, as I had discovered, is a sort of religious aestheticism as well, for every curve and length of branch has a meaning. But I must confess that I had mastered neither of these arts, in spite of my hours of devotion

and of the fame of my teachers in their respective worlds.

For several years I had wanted to study Japanese dancing, but my father had objected. He did not wish it gossiped about the silk market that his daughter might even possibly be training for geishahood.

The geisha is not necessarily "bad." Women of "sin" are segregated to the "yoshiwara" district and of these I cannot speak because my father refused to allow me even to ride through the district with any of the parties of Europeans with whom I might safely have gone. The geisha is merely a hired entertainer. A Japanese husband of the old school, for instance, would never reduce his wife's dignity to the point of forcing her to dance, sing, or play for the amusement of his guests. This thought has been carried further and has become so thoroughly part of Japan that wives are not expected to converse, or at times even to appear; therefore the geisha, the hired entertainer, retains her vogue.

But Father must have agreed with one of our American friends who always spoke of the "gay she" and said that however respectable the lady might be her reputation would never be as good as that of even the worst "gay he" in the realm.

As soon as I was married, however, my father withdrew both his authority and criticism and as my

American husband had no objection to my attending all the geisha dance schools in Yokohama, I began a serious study of the *odori* (dance).

My dance teacher lived in a small Japanese house on one of the back streets in the heart of Yokohama. She did not dress like a geisha, nor was she in any way "amusing." She wore the somber greys and blacks of the ordinary Japanese housewife and her hair was even less elaborately coifed than theirs, for she wore it combed back in the style conceded the grandmothers of the empire. I doubt if she ever had time to do other than eat and teach.

Her pupils poured into what might be termed her studio, morning, noon and night. They ranged in age from babyhood to full grown geishahood and even beyond that age to grandmotherly old samesen players. They came in kimonos of all types, from the heavily padded silk ones to the simple cotton garments of the working girls. The tiniest girls were dressed in brilliant colors and many had little silver bells sewed in their kimono sleeves that tinkled as they postured.

Nothing could have shocked these little girls more than our modern ballet. In fact I feel sure that even the most hardened geisha of the whole school would have been completely horror-stricken at the abbreviated costumes of any modern chorus, as well as at the barbaric rhythm and velocity of their motions. For the *odori* itself is rather a slow melting from one

pictured pose into another,—and the kimono stays in the picture!

There were no set rules about hours. I paid the teacher so much a month and lessons began in the morning and continued through the day. I went at whatever hour was convenient and stayed as long as I liked. I usually took my amah with me and the first thing on arrival changed from my European clothes to a kimono, which was put on me with great care by my own servant or one of the girls of the studio. It was the first time I had ever tried to wear Japanese dress and I donned it with great effort on the part of our amah, for it was as complicated to be put into as the most intricate Paris gown ever concocted. The lack of buttons and snappers and hooks make the adjustment an art and the heavy obi (sash) is worse than an old time corset. Our amah dressed me with the air of humoring the whims of a lunatic. There was no doubt but what, to her mind, I had lost the last dregs of common sense with which the gods had endowed me, and there were times when, after being twisted and jerked about the mats in the dressing processes, I could but agree with her. However, she took a certain pride in being able to create from the poor materials given her, at least a well-kimonoed lunatic.

Once robed, I knelt on the floor with the rest of the girls and waited my turn on the raised platform

which formed half of the studio. Our teacher never remained still. She watched every detail of each posture, from all possible angles. Even the eyes, and nose, and chin must be considered and the curve of the finger tips, and the expression of the face. I enjoyed it. It was months, however, before I really acquired a perfect posture. Just as soon as my toes were turned in far enough and not too far, my arms would be sailing around at just the wrong curve. If the legs, toes, arms and fingers were correct, then my eyes, nose, chin or ears seemed sure to be expressing the wrong emotion. In the two years that I attended classes, I managed to perform only five dances. But I feel sure my teacher felt that she deserved recognition for distinguished services for those five. Poor dear, she was a martyr to the cause of my education.

In the spring of nineteen fourteen Frank sailed for America. As I planned to await the success of his business affairs before following him, some of the Ethnic Center friends suggested that I spend that summer in Kamakura, in that world-famous old Zen temple—En-gaku-ji. It was an unusual opportunity, made possible by Dr. Suzuki, who had translated some very valuable books, and planned further translations of sermons for the Abbot Shaku Soyen. Dr. Suzuki's wife was an American, a Columbia University woman in fact; and it was through her friend-

ship for my mother that this privilege came about.

My mother was keen to go, but my father refused to join us. We urged him to spend at least the weekends in the temple, but nothing we could say had the least effect upon him. He, for one, wasn't going to be caught at a candle-lit, cockroach-filled temple, eating no meat and taking baths in the caves behind the burial grounds . . . not he! Strange as it may seem the house servants preferred to stay with him in Yokohama, so Mother and I set forth alone on our search for Nirvana.

En-gaku-ji has been "done" by Lafcadio Hearn in his "Glimpses of Unfamiliar Japan," so I shall not even attempt to dwell on the romance and splendor of this great Zen temple, with its many priests' houses, its top-heavy thatched roofs and its enormous bell that once came alive and rang itself, in the twelfth year of Bummei. All things that Hearn has pictured so deftly are there. All the beautiful fairy-like mysticism, the haunting immensity of a great art in the midst of a grove of century-old cedars. These temples were scattered over acres of bamboo-covered and deep-forested hillside.

The main room of each priest-house had been a temple, and the dim altar and carved figures were the solitary occupants of the antique, deserted building to which Mrs. Suzuki led us on our arrival.

**It was spooky!**

To spend the summer at the famous temple of Engaku-ji sounded gay and adventuresome, when spoken of in Yokohama. But when actually within the walls of this weather-worn, yellow-matted temple, with a mouldering graveyard as a side garden and a sincerely worshipped-at altar commanding full attention in the main room, the life and thought of an ancient faith became something real, something to be reckoned with.

I knew immediately that Hearn's quaint and dreamy picture of this bit of unfamiliar Japan was not to be a glimpse for us, but a familiar and practical (or impractical) human experience. The fact that among these stupendous trees, in other equally mouldering temples moved and lived dozens of solemn, silent, shaven-headed Buddhist priests telling their beads, chanting incomprehensible sutras and sitting like my once-seen Buddhist uncle in that unearthly state of oblivion, simply gave me the "wooleys."

But none of it seemed to disturb my mother who cheerily began deciding how many wicker chairs we would need. She inquired calmly whether ice and milk were delivered, or if we had to send down to the village for them and where we could get a maid.

Mr. Suzuki had attended to most of the pertinent questions and the O-ba-san (grandmother), a not quite feeble person, with oiled black hair and some

blackened teeth, made the magical appearance that servants always make, when needed in the Far East.

In a few days, an American friend of Mother's joined us in this singular retreat. I can remember being relieved by her arrival, for I saw every indication that we were about to soar again, not in art and discomfort but in philosophical rhapsody and scholarly impracticality.

I am sure the presence of this friend saved the day, for she took Buddhism just a shade more seriously than we did and thereby switched mother from the realms of brooding meditation to the antipodal spheres of ridicule. To my dear mother, everything in and about that temple became funnier and funnier. She made herself completely and thoroughly obnoxious. She had a terrible case of "Holy prayers in a horse's ear," in other words, she shut herself into her chosen psychology and refused to listen to any other. But like all *enfants-terrible*, she got away with it, because there was only one of the kind around.

When she discovered that meat was forbidden in the temple, she sallied forth and brought back all varieties in tin cans and sat herself down in the tomb-stone scattered garden, to munch frankfurters and lunch tongues, while the rest of us tried to take philosophy seriously.

When the gruesome chants of the priests yowling their after midnight prayers awoke us at two A.M.

and we bolted out of our pads on the floor and looked at each other over our candles in terror, dumbfounded by their primitive sounds, coming from somewhere out there in the great black woods, so horribly near us, Mother just remarked, "We'd better get some cockroach powder or the insects will soon make more noise than the priests and we'll never get any sleep."

When we were given an awe-inspiring introduction to Shaku Soyen, the Lord Abbot, Mother insisted that his robes were a most unbecoming color and needed mending, and that we all looked "too funny" when we made our three bows, getting up and down touching our heads to the floor, like a lot of bad actors doing the Arab's call to prayer scene in the wrong costumes.

Dr. Bose, the great Indian scientist, who proved the sensitivity of plants, visited En-gaku-ji that summer. He was an intense man with astonishingly alive, brown hands that waved about like a Frenchman's. Most of his work had been done at Oxford, I believe, and he spoke English with a liquid tone. Over the gi-flavored, meatless soup which Mrs. Suzuki served us, he talked feelingly of watching flowers die, of being able to know the exact instant when they felt their last. . . .

Mother said, "What? You mean to tell me vegetables feel?"

"Indeed they do."

"Oh, that's horrible!" she gasped, grabbing the center of the stage even from him. "Why—ever since

I read Upton Sinclair's 'Jungle' and went through the stockyards in Chicago, I've felt like a criminal whenever I looked at a beef steak. Now I suppose I can't even eat a cabbage in peace!"

Mrs. Bose was with him, and I've always remembered her as the most romantic creature I've ever met. She was charming. Her soft shawl-like garments clung and draped about her so gracefully and there was such a glorious understanding in her face that I enjoyed just looking at her.

I think Dr. Bose liked my mother in spite of the typically American "kidding" she gave him in the midst of the deeply religious trees, architecture, priests, people, thoughts, faiths, meditations and soup.

After this I suppose I need hardly add that neither mother's lady visitor nor myself became Buddhists, though the philosophy undoubtedly influenced our later thought.

In the midst of the most intense summer heat and Buddhistic study, Mr. Blank made his appearance among us. He was an Englishman, but he wore Japanese priest's robes. He was a thinning stout person, with a slightly bald head and a muddled air. He had been a Dominican monk and now after spending years of monastic life and taking his soul seriously he had developed an interest in Zen and had come to Engaku-ji for study.

The first day we met him he had been doing some

sort of fast and he was utterly fagged. He had taken a Japanese priest's name and it bothered him as well, for half the time he didn't answer to it. He was keen on one great discovery. He had learned, so he said, that, "The difference between Buddhism and Christianity lies in the fact that, in the latter we are taught to be like the Christ, but in the former we are taught to become a Buddha."

Mother said, as soon as we had left him, "I feel certain that if something isn't done about the man and done quickly, he will never become a Buddha, or anything else. . . What he needs is not prayers, fastings and meditation, but a few good meals and some night's sleep in a decent bed." Whenever mother used the word "decent" with an accent like that the Devil himself couldn't stop her.

She was going to make the summer profitable by converting the converted into some sort of thinking that would at least keep body and soul together. Our guest remarked, "Well, it sounds more like seducing than converting—but amuse yourself as you will."

Mother began making trips up to Tokyo and Yokohama. Mysterious trips which drew our curiosity. We felt that she was not taking the interest in our summer that she should. One day after one of these absences we accused her openly of this. She was reclining in evident fatigue on a Chinese wicker deck chair at the edge of the grave yard.

All she answered was, "I met such a funny Japanese lad today—a student. I asked him if he were a Christian. He said he was—a Baptist."

"Well—what about it?" we interrupted.

"He looked like anything but a Baptist," she continued.

"Is that all?"

"No—we talked and I suppose he realized I was smiling, inwardly, you understand? Then he said 'Being a Baptist is just a step in my evolution.' Isn't that delicious? Do you think most of us feel like that about religion?"

"No," we both assured with one breath, "we don't."

"It gave me an idea. A step in his evolution," and she picked up her book from her lap and began reading.

"But why, why did you go to Tokyo?" we pleaded.

She only smiled at her book and kept repeating almost as if she were talking to herself, "A step in his evolution. A step in his evolution!"

After that she began reading all the books she could find on Buddhism. She even snatched them out of our hands and insisted that *her* studies were much more important than ours and that she wished we would just leave her alone. "Why don't you two go up to town and make some calls today?" she would persist, "Mrs. Field has a wonderful new bath story and they

say there is a war in Europe. Do go along, both of you. Do go on!"

We went.

There was a war in Europe—it was August 1914—but we went to Yokohama for this bath story.

Mrs. Field and her clergyman husband had been taking a walking trip in the interior of Japan. After a strenuous day's climb up one of those rough mountain paths, they had wearily arrived at a clean, cool Japanese Inn hung on the side of a precipice. Mrs. Field had begged for a bath. The Innkeeper escorted her out to the yard, at the back of the Inn and introduced her to a large wooden tub, with the usual charcoal arrangement for heating, but with nothing other than the beautiful purpling hills and the Inn balconies for walls.

"I can't take a bath out here in the open!" she cried, speaking Japanese, with which she was familiar.

The Innkeeper responded with a long groan of cogitation, "A-a-ah!" But he had evidently been confronted before by this problematic European viewpoint. If the coolies, who had carried up the bags, were not too tired, perhaps they would be willing to stand in a square around the bath and hold up the blankets while she bathed?

"I simply had to have a bath," Mrs. Field assured us. "We'd been climbing all day and for the last three

hours I had thought of nothing but a nice, hot Japanese bath."

The Innkeeper returned with the information that he had arranged everything. The coolies were tired, but they would oblige.

Double blankets stretched at full length made a large bathroom and the Innkeeper had put a bench inside which gave her all the conveniences of home.

One cooled-corner parted for her to make an entrance. She undressed leisurely for she was really very tired. Then she climbed into the tub, seated herself on the inner shelf, leaned back and closed her eyes. She relaxed, embraced by the soft warm water, and the comforting influence of a deep Japanese tub.

Silence. Overwhelming silence. Not even the twang of a distant samesen, or the clatter of a wooden shoe, nothing but the soothing flood of water, and perhaps the hushed whisper of a distant waterfall to share her peace. Solid and absolute comfort. The red blankets, brought into Japan by the Dutch, were not so bad after all.

Then one coolie whispered to the others, "I can't see why we have to stand here holding these blankets. She's made just like all women. Not a thing wrong with her."

They didn't know she spoke their language! She looked up. Deepening evening shadows, a tinted sky, and four round black heads, like cannon balls period-

ing each corner of the square wall of red blankets.

We laughed with her over the story, and then returned to the temple. Nobody was taking the war seriously. We thought it would be but a matter of months.

Mother was lost in Buddhistic study. She and Mr. Blank were taking daily walks, simply sopping up philosophy. Speculating only on—what makes the flag move in the breeze?—what was your face a million years before you were born?—what is the sound of the soundless hand?—and other hypothetical, tantalizing questions which are called Kohans in Japan, and are given for meditation periods.

It was pitiful.

We began to get depressed. The tin cans of meat were all gone, the lady visitor and I went out one hot day, walking about a mile to the stores and bought a lot more. But they sat on the shelf for days. Mother didn't even notice them. She just walked and walked with Mr. Blank, or lay in the deck chair on the edge of the graveyard, and read, and read, and read.

Was she taking all this seriously? Would we soon have a Buddhist Abbottess on our hands? Day after day passed and no change in her ghastly routine. I thought of sending for Father, but I hated to worry him.

Then one morning she announced at breakfast, "I'm going to Tokyo. Get rid of the O-ba-san. I'll be back

for dinner and be sure you have a good fire going in both the kitchen braziers."

"But Mother—?"

"No, don't ask me any questions. Just get rid of the old woman and be sure the fires are hot. I've invited a guest."

"A guest! But we'll have to—"

"No, don't buy anything, I'll bring everything with me."

"But—"

"No, I can't stop to explain, my train is due—goodbye—goodbye! I'll be back in time. . . . Have the fires hot."

Then to our horror she snatched up her hat and pocket book and hurried away mumbling something under her breath about Hell fires always being hot!—and left us speechless.

It was not a pleasant day. The fall rains had set in and I remember we sat around trying to read and kept looking at each other over our books, and remarking that it was time we moved back to the city. The O-ba-san left us around noon. There were things for us to do, but not enough to keep our minds off the total situation. Each hour drove us both further and further into gloom. The thought of my mother sitting on a cushion thinking *she* was God, as father had expressed it, made me slightly hysterical. Toward evening I sat down and wrote a long letter to him.

Finally Mother arrived loaded with bundles. In triumph she cast them down on the mats.

“Are the fires hot?”

They were.

She slung her hat and veil into the side room, called for her apron and rushed for the kitchen.

“Come on. I say, what have you two been doing here all day? I told you we were having a dinner guest and look at this kitchen! I’m in a hurry. It’s really a matter of life and death. Bring me those bundles. What’s the matter with you people, anyway?”

We brought the bundles, spread them out on the kitchen platform. She rolled up her sleeves, picked up the carving knife, and cut the strings. We trailed after her, speechless with concern. If mother turned Buddhist, perhaps I’d have to stay in Japan—perhaps I’d have to send for Frank—perhaps. . . .

But the meal she unpacked before our eyes was reassuring enough. It was not Buddhistic. There were half a dozen bottles of beer, dill pickles, a ripe cheese, nuts, bullion cubes, European vegetables, and in the center of it all a huge, thick, red porterhouse steak.

We set the table. I stumbled over some clothes, “Mother, what are these?” I asked holding up a pair of shoes and a shirt.

“Some of Dad’s European clothes.”

“What for?”

“Oh, set the table. The Amateur Dramatics are

giving a new play, and they need someone to catch a fainting lady in a court room scene."

"Mother, are you sure you feel well?"

"Never felt better in my life."

"Then, what on earth is this all about? And who is coming to dinner? And what are Dad's clothes doing down here? Because if you don't explain, I'm going to post this letter to father, and he'll probably put you under the care of a specialist."

"Oh!" She did see that I was serious. "Well, as you don't trust me. All—all is for Mr. Blank's internals. He likes dill pickles and cheese and things. It took me most of the summer to find out just what, but it's all here. . . He doesn't suspect me. But I'll wager anything you please that Buddhist or no Buddhist he eats this porterhouse when I get it cooked!"

He did.

And after Mr. Blank had finished the steak, my mother and he had a long talk. He left that night dressed in my father's suit with some money she provided.

Then he worked faithfully for several months catching the fainting lady whenever she swooned her staged fall—nights and matinees. This was later revealed to be the result of the job hunting which had caused mother many trips to Tokyo.

When the season closed the theatrical life for the poor man, Mother helped him get passage on a ship

bound for America, where he now presides over a flourishing group of enthusiastic "seekers after the truth."

It was typical of Mother to have enticed a priest out of the temple and landed him on the stage. Typical of her to put her own psychology across no matter what odds she had to play against.

**IT WAS TIME TO GO HOME.**

Spring 1915 and my husband had sent for me. There were many, many things that entered into my feeling about my home-going. I wanted to go. I had never really loved Japan, though I had been deeply interested. Nevertheless the language, the habits, the Bushido had made a stranger of me; to Japan I was always a foreigner. Even my husband with his thorough knowledge of Japanese was less a foreigner than I. Indeed, one Japanese had suggested that Frank give up the name of Eldridge and allow my father to adopt him, thereby giving a son to the Tamagawas, but no one would have wanted this less than I. I longed for America and my husband in America. I was only too happy to leave the Bluff. I wanted to go.

Karin had married and gone to Sweden. Connie's father had retired and taken all the Halls to England. Milly was going to Germany. The Bluff would never be the same.

The consciousness of a war in Europe had reached us at last. The Japanese had sunk the "Gneisenau" and the "Scharnhorst,"—the "Gneisenau" which we had nicknamed the "Nice-Enough" and the "Scharn-

horst" whose decks had been loaded with flags and flowers to receive us and whose gay young officers had danced us all dizzy with their "one-way" German waltz. They had all been destroyed; they had gone to their eternal rest in the depths of the Pacific, and the Japanese, who were seldom accepted at our dances, were now our allies and it was for us to be glad.

Many of the Germans from the Bluff had fought at Tsingtau but the Japanese soldiers, confident of their victory, had carried little pots of chrysanthemums as part of their equipment to place on that fort, November 3rd, the Emperor's birthday. Now the chrysanthemums were blooming in their properly victorious places.

The Allies on the Bluff were not speaking, not even bowing, to their old German friends. The Belgian Consulate had gathered us all to its bosom and handed us wool to be knit and materials for pajamas and shirts to be stitched. . . .

My mother was renowned for her clever needle and she was in the thick of it, but I was packing for America,—to see the San Francisco Exposition, the old friends and relatives in Chicago, and to join my husband who had established himself in the South.

As the time for my departure grew near, all the regret at leave-taking centered itself upon my mother. What would she do without me? I was tortured by the thought of her loneliness. The Bluff was not a

neighborly place. It was formal and indifferent. Friendships did not hold there, and even this War in Europe, which did not seem very important to me then, had made some of the best of friends, enemies. Thinking of it, I guessed that Mother had been utterly dependent upon me and it seemed almost impossible for me to leave her. Father saw this, too, and our pity for her drew us together. We thought only of her grief and her sorrow over my going. It never occurred to us to think of anyone but her or to express any other sentiment. And yet as it turned out, it was my father who lost a daughter when I sailed, not Mother.

As I look back on it all, it seems unbelievable that three people could reach such an agony of emotion over Mother's loneliness and never see that the tragedy that sat on our doorstep was my father's.

Why did we not realize that the few years and the slight mental differences that were to separate Mother and me were as nothing compared to the physical, spiritual and mental worlds that were to arise and cut me off from my father? My father, who, after all loved me very much, who had been the kindest and best of fathers, who had given up his native customs, his methods of life, his Japanese friends, and his whole Oriental world for my mother and who was now losing a daughter also. That was the real tragedy, if there was one, but I am sure that Mother and I never

thought of it and he was too self-effacing, too absolutely polite to suggest it.

Of course he realized it, for now that I think of it I remember how sadly he stood over me while I packed. I packed for days for I took cases and trunks full of things from that devoted household and at the last he followed me around with much fatherly advice. I was too busy to pay much attention to him, but I can recall him saying, "Never associate with people who are not your equals—they will only hurt you," and "Don't expect to find Christianity in business," and "Always remember people are afraid of your honesty."

I sailed on the *S.S. China*. I spent the day in Honolulu, ate prickly pears, saw the museum, the aquarium and the dainty kiss-like islands from the beautiful Pali and finally was necklaced with sweet, white, Hawaiian flowers as I departed.

San Francisco was more than festive with crowds visiting the Exposition. The war in Europe was not even spoken of! People were there for a gala time and the battles on the other side of the world were as removed from our minds as the skirmishes along the Khyber Pass.

Many of my friends were in the city. We met and wandered among the pink buildings in the daytime and sat on the water front bridging our long separations in the blue dark of the evenings, while the fire-



WHEN MY FATHER AND I WERE PHOTOGRAPHED IN THIS GARDEN  
IN JAPAN WE LITTLE REALIZED THE PHYSICAL AND MENTAL  
WORLDS WHICH WERE TO SEPARATE US.



works painted daubs of colored lights over the water. Mr. Reuter arrived. He had come to play with the other artists. Saint-Saens and other memorable names were there. One evening he called at the house where I was staying and gave us some exquisite hours of Bach, Chopin and Tschaikowsky.

After two weeks of a perpetual and intense gaiety, I journeyed to Chicago where all my friends had grown up since I had last seen them. These many friends, my relatives, members of the Corticelli Silk Company who had loved my father, and friends of Mother's who still wished to see the Japanese doll, danced and dined me at their homes and clubs as if I had been a traveling potentate.

All together it was six weeks of the most intense gaiety I had ever experienced and yet the tragic thought of the loneliness of my mother and of the barrenness of the social life that she had so carefully built up about her, never left my mind. Perhaps these cold social walls had been built just for me. Who could say? I had left her. But she had wanted me to marry Frank, of that I felt sure, for I think she loved him more than anyone, as if he had been her own son, and more than that. It puzzled me. But I could only be sure that I would never live an ambitious life like hers, that however important "posts" might be, they were after all inhuman. I resolved that never, never

would I wall in my own life with these hard social "posts" . . .

My destination in the South meant only a place "where Frank was" to me then, but it turned out to be a place where a lot of other people were as well.

To live in a small southern town, to do my own work and be Mrs. Eldridge,—a nice insignificant, every-day sort of person was just what I had most wished to do. I had never discussed the matter with my husband. Needless to say I had not stressed the fact that I especially admired what I considered his "divine ordinariness" and it never occurred to me that he might have admired me for any of my unusualness. This I had always believed to be but an illusion in other people's minds and I was sure my husband knew me better than that. But Frank had been a whole year in that southern town and he had been enthusiastically expecting me for months!

He met me filled with desire to present me to his new-found friends. He had changed a great deal. I didn't recognize his clothes and he had acquired a southern accent. Just for the first few hours I was a bit afraid of him, for he was not exactly the same person who had left me in Japan.

He took me home to his brother's apartment. This brother I liked at once. He has a keen sense of humor and immediately labeled me the "Jap who talked with a Chicago brogue." He told funny stories all evening

and teased and laughed at Frank and me until I felt at home. In fact if it had not been for just this feeling of kinship which Frank's brother gave me in my first months in that southern town, I believe I should have been villainously unhappy, although attentions were heaped upon me by everyone. And no husband could have been more devoted than mine.

It is of these attentions which I wish to speak. They are the "prayers in the horse's ear." They came to me in that southern town and they come to me still from the majority of the people I meet. They surprise me. They seem to me to be vague utterances of a mystic Western philosophy, which my horse's ear refuses to understand. They are definite schools of thought with which people here in the United States make their friendly onslaughts upon me.

In fact, I shall have to confess that I have become so expert at juggling with these Western prayers that it has developed into a form of pastime for me. It seldom takes me more than a conversation or two to discover what the victim is thinking about the Eurasian and to know exactly which garden of preconception he has walled himself into, or whether he is just going to accept the "is" of the thing.

As a little girl when I went to Japan I had thought I was to be Japanese, but the Japanese themselves had gaped at me and decided differently. Now that I had returned to America, the problem was something

complex and at first confusing to me in that quiet Southern town.

People did a great deal more than gape at me. They had "ideas" about me, theories, preconceptions —*beliefs!*

One type thought of me as "cute." I remember once being taken to an Arts Club by one of these persons, who just reached up to my shoulder, but as she led me about she presented me to each stranger saying, "I do want to introduce you to the little Japanese lady." I felt nothing short of elephantine as I trailed behind her. I felt that out of sheer politeness I should shrink.

Then there are the people who insist that I am an Oriental and when I even meekly suggest that I have certain doubts on the subject, they assume the attitude that I am posing as an Occidental but that they are too clever and have discovered me. They usually end by getting very sentimental over Oriental art and religion and find in my reticence all sorts of mysterious and beautiful philosophies which I, being an Oriental, do not reveal.

There are the moderns who analyze my sentences as I talk, "Ah, now—that's your Irish," "Ah, now—that's your Japanese." These are usually the most annoying, for they consistently refuse to be human. They generally close their ears to what I am saying in their

efforts to have me properly assorted and psychologically tabulated.

There are the anthropological hounds. They are not half bad, because in their intellectual peregrinations they have discovered that mixed races have existed since the world began. Their examinations are limited to the shape of my nose and the quality of my hair. This is a little overpersonal perhaps but I have nothing to say about the anthropologists. They are a kindly lot.

There are the dramatists who are interested in what they call my "racial pulls." What am I feeling? In America, do I long for Japan? In Japan do I long for America? Or do my feelings explode when they clash somewhere in the middle of the Pacific as they rush violently in both directions? All I can answer to these people is just—"I dunno." But the worst of it is that they do know. If I don't, there is something wrong with my mentality, or sensitivity, or something. Oh, yes, the dramatists are a trying species. They have "feelings" *about* me, but none *for* me.

The educationalists (and not all of them are confined to the schools and colleges) have a keen desire to make something out of me. Meanwhile they consider me a sort of Oriental information bureau. "Are the Japanese becoming a Christian nation?" "Is it true that the Chinese are more honest than the Japanese?" "When will India overthrow British rule?"

“What do you think of extraterritoriality in China?” These are American Kohans, these problematic, hypothetical questions that are as tantalizing to the poor victim as the profound Buddhistic ones,—“What is the sound of the soundless hand?”—and so on. But the American inquisitioner gives one no time to meditate. They sit before one and fire their problems fast and furiously, usually far into the night.

There are the people who are actually afraid of me. I am a menace! I find them in all classes of society from the most charming of Californians to my colored scrub-woman, whom I found one night sitting on the front door-step.

“Lucy, what are you doing out here?”

“Oh, Miss Eldridge, I’se afeared. I never did like to work with them idols in the house nohow, and money ain’t gwine to hire me to stay in thar after it gits dark.”

Fortunately for the welfare of my soul, however, there is a great middle class who after they have discovered my heredity, do accept the “is” where they find it. They start by asking me, “Just when did you learn to eat with a knife and fork?” “Do you believe that the Mikado is God?” “How long did it take your feet to grow?” Then they urge me to “say something in Japanese so I can hear what it’s like,” and by that time they are feeling almost as foolish as they care to feel and begin to be human by “Say, which do

you think it is better to lead from, a sneak or just follow the fourth-highest-of-your-longest-suit rule?"

Frank introduced me to all these varieties of thought in that southern town. After several months of their attention and consideration, I began to wonder seriously if I was actually as phenomenal as without doubt I was supposed to be.

My eldest son, Francis, was expected in July 1916. It was decided that I was to go to the hospital to receive him. At the time I was miserable and depressed. Mother had been writing of her lonely existence and while I was very happy with my husband and anything but lonely, still, I had not found myself living the nice sequestered life I had pictured. Though I had been supplied with all the materials, a good husband, a small salary; a quiet town, life's most conventional domestic situation; a coming baby . . . and so far as I could see, it should have been the most ordinary of all American situations and I the most average and usual of all American girls—I was not!

As soon as I reached the hospital I was greeted by a young nurse who ushered me into the stifling hot little room where my son was to be born, and when I gave my name, she grinned a knowing assurance, "Oh, we all know *all* about you."

What can be more distressing to anyone than the people who know all about him? And when they

whisper this to you as if they were confessing a fellow conspiracy you are pinned to defeat.

She smiled at me from some remote intellectual vantage and added, "We are all so interested."

I think most women feel when they enter the hospital on these occasions that they are victims of one of Nature's dreadful traps, but I suddenly felt as I looked at my neat uniformed attendant, that I was trapped by Humanity as well. I had not crawled into some impersonal hole wherein I could have my baby in peace. Instead, I had been heralded by Heaven alone knew what mysterious beliefs about me. Was I a Japanese doll, or a menace? Her sickly sweet smile informed me that in her case at least it was the Japanese doll. . . .

But what of the others?

Once ensconced in the high white bed, the dull ache in the middle of my back and the thick rubber sheet seemed to ooze together into a pool of pain. I was too enervated to struggle with all her mental foibles. . . . I would not even think of her. . . . I should probably never see her again. . . . I hoped I shouldn't.

"Are you quite comfortable, dearie?"

"Yes."

"You aren't lonely are you, honey?"

"No—yes—no—" The pain had come again. Was I lonely? Yes. But oh, how I wished she would go!

If only my mother had been there! She would have changed everything.

After a while another nurse whisked into the room. She was cold and formal, but I soon felt that she too "knew all about me." She dismissed the first with a quiet stare and jammed a thermometer into my mouth with a do-or-die attitude that was provoking. To this one I was a menace, but at least I could hope to count on her impersonal service.

Then, a long animal-like cry shattered my thoughts.

"What's that?"

"That?" She dismissed it with a sniff. "One of those half-nigger girls in the ward. It is her first baby. She has been going on like that for hours. You can hear her all over the place every time the door is opened."

"Poor, poor thing. Can't something be done for her?"

"Oh, she's alright. These niggers make an awful 'to-do' about nothing."

"Oh—" The pain had wrenched my back. But I must not let this woman say that about me. I must be silent. This place wasn't a hospital. No. It was a sort of moral testing ground. Whatever happened I would be "decent." No-one would ever say, "It's that Jap girl in room 31, making an awful 'to-do' about nothing."

The doctor came. He gave a torturous examination. I was silent. Hour after hour the pains grew more terrible. There were times when I grew cold and dead with pain, and times when I felt as if I were thrown into a melting well of fiery agony. But I was silent. With each new wracking attack of horror I drew on every atom of my will power not to cry out, not to betray my mother, my father and husband who believed me to be *decent*.

The room, the doctor and the nurses all faded away from my sight into a blazing world of pain, but Mother and her word "decent" stayed with me till the end.

Then suddenly as if suffering were only an asbestos curtain at the theatre, it lifted and I was conscious of the room and the people and my coral-colored son who was being held up by his heels and shaken by the doctor.

I must admit that just for a second or so I felt heroic. Everyone in the room seemed to be feeling that emotional relief that can but be called happiness. I loved them all—they had been through a crisis with me, they had put all their thought and feeling into me for hours and I was grateful—earnestly and humanly grateful.

But all this feeling of ecstasy lasted for only five or ten minutes. Perhaps five or ten minutes of ecstasy is a long time for several people to be united in joy,

but I wanted so much for it to last just a little longer. It was the youngest nurse who smashed it all with, "Isn't the baby too cute! It's not often that the Stork brings us a little Japanese baby!"

Frank came in to peek at the baby. I should have liked him to stay a long while, but the doctor said I must sleep. I didn't sleep. I was thinking over the whole strange over-civilized world. Why had I been afraid of being afraid? What was cowardice of cowardice? What did it all matter anyway?

Next morning the old nurse was as ungracious as ever. My heroism of the night before had not melted her.

I dared to question her, "Was there anything unusual about the birth?"

"No, absolutely normal."

That was something to be glad about. I could at least have an average birth to my credit. I was not unusual or extraordinary in that.

But half an hour later the younger nurse had destroyed my illusions.

"The doctor says it's a perfectly *marvelous* case. Of course these things have been known to be true in the Orient. But to have it happen right here in our own hospital!"

"What happened?"—"What is it?"

"A PAINLESS birth!"

...

## HOLY PRAYERS IN A HORSE'S EAR

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There have been four births in my experience since then, but I have never thought well to indulge in another of the PAINLESS variety.

THE SIGNIFICANT PART OF MY LIFE FOR the next few years was that I became insignificant,—or rather that I became more significant as Mrs. Eldridge than as a curio.

In 1917 our particular portion of the South became a huge camping ground for the "boys" who were training for service in France. There had been only a small population in town to begin with and the camp doubled the proportion of both whites and negroes. Even with this military inundation, however, the great war still seemed fictional. We could not believe that Wilson, whom we had seen dance before our eyes all wrapped up in the cloak of *humanity* on his platform which was to save us from the war, had seriously decided to send these cheerful, picnicking "boys" across the Atlantic to be a part of the general butchery.

Recreation for the soldiers became the chief communal interest. We opened our doors and khaki uniforms roamed through,—usually to the bath. There were no hot baths in camp and the weather was bitter. Judge Hammond was the most bath-minded among us. He opened his bathroom door to all comers, and

the long, brown line of soldiers waited hour after hour with their teeth chattering before his house, making appropriate remarks about the "SUNNY SOUTH."

We fed them and danced with them and when the spring came we piled them into motor cars and took them for tours over the countryside.

In the midst of all this gay new military-mindedness a letter arrived from Washington offering Frank the post of assistant Chief of the Far Eastern Division, Department of Commerce.

We arrived in Washington one blistering hot day, August 1918. We stood in line in the offices of the Housing Committee for five hours before we were able to obtain a room.

The room, when we reached it, had only a bed. Not another stick of furniture, not even a mirror in which we might have looked at our haggard faces; Frank had been holding Francis who was now two years old, and a large child for his age, and I was expecting another baby. We sat on our trunks in that empty room and knew for the first time that the War was a War.

Next day I discovered this truth more fully when I went in search of a doctor. The streets were filled with uniforms from all regiments of the Allies. Strangers stopped to ask directions. I went from doctor to doctor, but they were all on their way to

France, or else too occupied with the flu epidemic which was raging to consider the possible waste of hours that such an unimportant event as a birth might mean.—Death was far more vital. I tried the hospitals. They were full and I was informed that people were being turned out of their houses to make room for temporary wards for the influenza patients.

Sugar was getting scarce and we thought in terms of substitutes for this and that on our grocery list. The store-keepers developed a certain air of authority. Once I dared to complain about the amount of ice I received as I doubted the weight. But the ice-man said: "Ye gits what ye gits, and that's all ye gits."

I stopped a colored woman on the street one day and asked, "Do you know anyone who could do a little washing for me?"

"You go home and look in the mirror!" she answered. And I did go home to look in the mirror and do my own washing.

Life was increasingly difficult. There was no doubt about it,—in Washington the War was a reality.

One day I found a friend of a friend of mine who was an Army doctor. He promised to come if the baby arrived before he sailed for France, which might be any day.

He got there an hour after the child was born.

There was no nurse to be had for love nor money.

The first day I ventured out after the birth of the new daughter was Armistice Day. It was a day of flags, cheers and confetti. The word "Peace" was for the moment more wild and barbaric to Washington than the word "War" had been the day before. Trucks and wagon-loads of shouting people rolled along the streets. Horns tooted. Whistles blew. Bells rang. Swarms of people jostled along the Avenue. Pennsylvania Avenue was draped and strewn with Victory. On that day at least it was a real, human, heartfelt relief and victory,—not the kind that we all felt later when we erected the angel made of gold that now stands behind the Treasury Building.

Frank and I took a bungalow in Takoma Park, one of the pretty suburbs of the capital. It was a neat brown cottage with a green grass plot in front and similar to dozens of others in the suburbs everywhere in America.

Across the street were Dr. Speare and his wife who had been living in Honolulu. A few doors down were Mr. and Mrs. Graves who had been married in the Philippines. Mr. Graves was then in the Bureau of Efficiency and was later administrative assistant to Mr. Hoover in the Department of Commerce. Then there were the Whitneys. He was director of the Bureau of Soils and his large home and grown-up family made a happy center for our friendships.

These were my intimate friends. I was no longer an Adams or a Tamagawa,—I was Mrs. Eldridge.

I baked and scrubbed and attended functions and played bridge with the other wives of the Department officials. For by that time the Chief of the Far Eastern Division had resigned and Mr. Eldridge was occupying the "post." The Division was growing, and my husband was writing his first book.

We were frequent guests at the Japanese Embassy. There we renewed many old friendships and found friends of friends, who were appearing in the different government offices.

The war workers slowly receded from Washington. The inhabitants regained a less chaotic and less crowded city. One or two of the "boys" whom I had befriended in the South stopped over on their way home, dressed in civilian clothes to greet and thank me for my past hospitality. Their war stories were interesting, but always seemed limited to a particular section of the line. But when Major MacElroy, who had been attached to the American Embassy in Tokyo before the war, returned, he gave us the whole picture for he had been an inspector general under General Pershing and had gone up and down the whole line.

At home I was swamped with domesticity. Two babies and inadequate help complicated things greatly. Often I would start out to make some neces-

sary calls, or attend one of those formal affairs, after scurrying through more work than our five servants in Japan had been able to do in twice the time. While I made a whirlwind toilet, I had to explain to the colored girl who was to mind the children all the details of her many duties in the household routine which she was to perform in my place while I was out.

Then I would calmly walk off down the street thinking,—I am just like Charlie Chaplin when he turns a corner. He runs furiously for a block or two and then turns the corner to walk leisurely off. But most of the other Department officials' wives were doing the same thing. I was not sequestered, nor even rooted, but, at least, I was ordinary.

The social circle widened almost daily.

One night Hugh Butler, in the Department of Commerce, asked us to visit "Hell House" to meet Benton and Mrs. MacKaye, brother and sister-in-law of Percy MacKaye. They were living with Stuart Chase and his wife and some others in a co-operative household of this name.

There was a large group in the drawing-room when we entered. Mrs. MacKaye was one of those modern, clever women whom everybody loved on sight. She was a great friend and moving spirit among the suffragettes.

The important guest at "Hell House" that eve-

ning was a man whose name I have forgotten, but who is probably well-known among what my husband calls the "parlor pinks." He had just returned from Russia and filled us with a glowing account of the idealism of anarchy. I sat next to Mrs. MacKaye and when he had finished I remember we two had a long conversation about the chemistry of friendships.

As we were leaving and I was leaning down to put on my rubbers, she said, "While you were in Japan, did you ever meet any half Japanese?"

"Why, yes—there are lots of them over there."

"I once knew such an interesting case in Chicago," she continued. "The mother was an American and the father was Japanese but he worked for the Corticelli Silk Company. I would so like to know what became of the child."

I dropped the rubber I had been struggling with, "What? I am the child. But who are you?"

"Why, my dear, let me look at you. I was your aunt's next-door neighbor!"

This sort of incident was typical of life in Washington. Here, there and everywhere were people who knew people who knew us.

Edwin Neville, who had been Frank's intimate friend when they were both student interpreters at our Embassy in Tokyo, appeared one day. He had come home to be in the Far Eastern Division of the

State Department. His presence meant a great deal to us, for we were deeply grieved at the time over the loss of our second child. She had developed a sudden illness and died within thirty-six hours. It had been very shocking to us both, and to have him appear just then was a great comfort.

He and Frank and Colonel Nutt were soon running the Narcotics Control Board, a government board which apportioned all imports of narcotics among the manufacturers for legitimate purposes.

Many were the tales they told of contraband seizures of drugs from smugglers. Opium imported in bales of rags from Germany had been discovered one day only when one of the bales was delivered to the wrong "paper mill" by chance. And once they were missing a ton of opium! We were getting what Frank called the "low-down" on Government activities.

Neville is now Charge d'Affaires in Tokyo, but to us he is only "Duke." In our hearts we will always hear his great voice booming as it did down the marble halls of the State Department, where everyone else seemed to whisper.

Every Saturday I baked a huge cake and on Sunday afternoon Duke cut it into as many slices as there were guests.

"One, two, three—four—five!" He would count waving the cake knife.

"But, Duke, it's such a big cake."

He would grin with the lower half of his face and scowl with the upper, while he peered at me over his glasses, "Bless your little heart, Katinka, it's a good cake, isn't it?"

And the cake was divided at one cutting were the number five or fifteen.

Sometimes Nelson Johnson, then in the State Department, who is now our minister to China, came out to eat cake and sit on the front steps in the summer evenings and sing some of Duke's favorite songs.

"Hurray! Hurray!

Hurray for Baffin's bay!  
He couldn't find the pole,  
Because the barber moved away."

or

"Jonah was a traveler  
In a trans-Atlantic whale—"

When the second little girl came to our household she was named Karin and her godfather was Duke.

Mother visited me in those first years in Washington. Life had changed us. She came home not only to see us but also as an emissary for the Corticelli Silk Co. for whom she was gradually proving herself a very able business woman. For many years she wrote weekly silk reports and her judgment of world

affairs and the silk market had become immensely valuable to my father. I think we were both surprised to find that I was more a part of Washington and this shifting inner circle of Government officials and their wives than I was part of Japan, or even of Mother herself. It was difficult for Mother to adjust her mind to my life of darkest domesticity with its lightning-like flashes of social brilliancy. She thought it almost gruesome that I should be polishing silver in the kitchen on an evening when Frank went out to dine with Mr. Hoover, or that we would both rush away from a case of measles to some visiting commission's ball, or that the cat was carelessly left in the dining room on a night when the Charge d'Affairs from the Japanese Embassy came to dine and jumped on his back, scaring the poor man so that he leapt from his chair. I suspect that for the first time in her life, she wished I had been less an American.

I belonged completely and absolutely to this international group of roving diplomats and cruising Trade Commissioners and Attachés and their families. I don't think she understood us. They never accepted her, though they welcomed me even as they did Frank, as one of themselves and in many cases loved me more dearly. I felt and knew their esprit de corps and was one with them as I never had been one with any other group. But it was not and never



MY MOTHER AND FATHER MADE MANY TRIPS INTO  
THE INTERIOR OF JAPAN TO STUDY SILK CULTURE.



will be an intimate, unbroken, rooted group. It is more like a child's cardboard puzzle, broken and scattered and has to be pieced together again and again to be seen and understood. They are here today and gone tomorrow. This United States Government, the part of it to which I belong through the love and companionship which it has given me, is not the absolute solid that people on the outside picture it.

"Where are you from?" is the usual question.

"I'm from everywhere—soon be from here." One of the corps once answered. And that is nearest the truth of the situation.

These people were filled with too many other interests to bother about whether I was Japanese or not. Many of the wives in fact, were originally of other lands and if we had all stopped to analyze each other there would have been no time for other things.

The children were an interesting problem.

Mr. and Mrs. Southard came home one year from Jerusalem, where he had been consul. They were both what we call one hundred per cent Americans, and with them came their little son aged three or four who could speak nothing but Arabic and his nurse who was from Abyssinia. She was as black as coal. She wore a bright green turban and shoes for the first time in her life. They paid this nurse not in money, but by having the consul at Aden deliver so

many sheep to her mother every year. The girl used to go up on their apartment roof each morning to worship Allah. The Southards had to placate the irate neighbors who firmly resisted this conversion of their place for drying clothes into a place of worship. In spite of these American inconveniences, however, the girl stayed with the Southards and her love for them was repaid, for Mr. Southard is now our American Minister to Abyssinia.

This case was not unusual. For the children came home from all parts of the world speaking French, Chinese, Russian, Malay, Greek, and any and all sorts of languages, accompanied by their foreign nurses who struggled with them to learn English.

Frank might come home any night and say, "Bachelor is here from Bombay." "Arnold is here from Peking." "Butlers are back from Paris."

"How long are they going to stay?"

"Only a week," or perhaps, "Several years. He is going to be the something something in the State, Commerce, Treasury, War or Navy Department."

"We must see them. Bring them out."

And when they came we drew up our chairs and asked:

"Did you see Ferrin when you were in Teheran?" "What has become of the Hodgsons? Are they still in Prague?" "What about Mr. Meyer in Riga?" or "Who is holding down the Post in Singapore now?"

And we got the "latest" on all the personal events and the "hush-hush stuff" on all that was going on in the service. Who-is-who and why was a far more interesting question than whether or not I was a little Japanese lady, or a menace.

Often it was the other way around.

"Herring is going out to Tokyo." "McMurray is going to Peking as Minister." "Spofford is our new trade commissioner in Calcutta." "Military Intelligence is sending Major Baldwin to Japan."

"When do they leave? We must see them."

Or perhaps it was just: "Gale is on that new salt gabelle in China." "Mr. Moser has married a Russian Princess." Or: "Huntington is leaving the service."

Frank made many trips on Department of Commerce business. "Barnstorming" I think they called it. He went here, there and everywhere to talk to Chamber of Commerce on Foreign Trade. He was seldom home, for when in Washington he lectured at Georgetown University and attended classes at George Washington almost every night. It was a busy life, full of goodbyes to those I loved and greetings to those I had not seen for years. Kaleidoscopic changes without end!

Once one of our friends from the Bluff days visited Washington. To us she was fearfully English. We took her to see the Congressional Library, the Lincoln Memorial, Rock Creek Park, the Zoo, Arlington

and down to Mt. Vernon, all of which we did for all our friends when they passed through the Capital, for we all enjoyed wallowing in the pride of our modern Greek temples. When we had familiarized this Japan friend with the city, and were talking over the sightseeing, I asked her, "Of all that we have seen, which did you like the best?"

She thought a while and then she revealed to us how far we had grown from the old Bluff days by saying, "I think I like the place they call the Capitol the best."

But, certainly the "place they call the Capitol" was great fun for everybody, visitors and inmates as well. For one could go down to the "Gallery" any day and be sure to hear a fight, sometimes even a good fight.

We acquired a Ford car and on the days when I used it for home purposes I was duty-bound to call for Frank at his office.

I had a wife's reticence about appearing too frequently in my husband's beautiful green-rugged and mahogany-furnished office at the Commerce Department, so I usually waited for him downstairs at the outer door.

Mr. Hoover often passed and always greeted me politely. One night I was waiting with my little girl. She ran to Mr. Hoover as he stepped out of the ele-

vator. He held out his arms to catch her, but she drew back, "You are not my Daddy."

"Won't you give me a kiss?" he asked.

"No, I won't. You are not my Daddy," she repeated backing away. I urged her to comply but she behaved very badly and flatly refused him.

I suppose she would have refused him just the same even if he had been President then, instead of Secretary of Commerce. It is just like all the rest of my topsy-turvy life that my daughter remains as the child who refused to kiss the President, not as one of the many who have kissed him!

IT WAS MR. HOOVER WHO SENT US around the world.

Frank came home one August night to announce, "I'm to head a party of government officials who are to accompany the Frisco Chamber of Commerce on their survey of the Orient."

"But, Frank . . ."

"It's really one of those trade tours. The Department is opening a new office in Bombay. I have to go to India as well."

"India?"

"Only an eight or nine months' trip. Probably be home in the spring."

"The spring! Are you going to leave me here?"

"I've got to go."

"But, Frank . . ."

"Well, why don't you go, too?"

"But, Frank . . ."

The baby was just eight months old and Francis was five years. Two such small children for an Oriental trade tour. But there was no one with whom I could leave them.

I went to see Dr. Moser, one of Washington's baby

specialists and I talked it over seriously with Dr. Whitney. Both men said, "Go."

I sent for my Aunt Carrie (Mrs. Morse) who lived in New York. She was not a real aunt, but she had been a friend of my mother's since their babyhood and her mother had been a neighbor of my Grandmother's. She came at once and we went into conference. Duke came out to visit that week-end and everyone of them agreed that I must take the children and go with Frank.

We advertised our bungalow and it was soon rented. Aunt Carrie shopped and sewed and Frank unpacked some of his official clothes that had been put away in the attic and bought some new ones. We ordered fifty pounds of dried milk to be delivered to the *Empire State* on which we were to leave from San Francisco.

I weaned the baby.

Dr. Whitney took charge of collecting the rent while we were away and paying our bills, such as insurance and taxes when they came due.

Dr. Moser gave me pages of baby formulas and bottles of pills and medicines with instructions what to do in case of this or that emergency. Duke came out to help us pack and by September fourteenth we were ready.

We handed over the keys to the incoming tenants on that last day with an oddly empty and forlorn

feeling that we might never have them handed back to us. The world was so large and the Orient so far away from a bungalow in Takoma Park.

But the taxi waited and we piled the last of the bags in the front seat with the driver and departed still in the grip of the rush of the last week of preparation.

I felt that I had turned another Charlie Chaplin corner as Francis and I walked quietly down the platform at Union Station, toward the train, flanked by Aunt Carrie and Duke. Frank followed with the baby and a couple of red-caps with the bags brought up the rear.

The most difficult part of the whole trip was these first days traveling to San Francisco. Small children do not compress easily into a Pullman. They weary with their own inactivity and the parents weary with them. But there was a white-souled, black porter on board who washed and ironed baby clothes for me all across the continent.

The official Washington party consisted of six trade commissioners with Mr. Eldridge in charge. Two of them besides Mr. Eldridge brought their wives,—Mrs. Lansing Hoyt and Mrs. Enders. The San Francisco Chamber of Commerce party were one hundred and thirty-five strong, headed by Mr. M. I. Esberg, Honorary Vice-President of the Chamber.

Only a few things stand out in my memory on the day of sailing. A flashing brass band playing "Home Sweet Home" and "My Country 'Tis of Thee." Then millions of yards of rainbow colored paper ribbons snapping and trailing from the side of the *Empire State* as she edged away from the crowded pier. Finally a luxurious stateroom literally filled with fruit. That fruit! That heavy smelling, benevolently inspired gift from San Francisco,—I counted over forty baskets of it! At first the fruit problem seemed simple, but when we hurried forth to bestow it upon our fellow passengers we found them equally or nearly equally be-fruited and quite as anxious to exercise their generosity. I am not a good sailor. But ever since then I have been "conditioned" to the odoriferous smell of fruit as well.

To cross the Pacific with one or two hundred passengers whom one never expects to see again as long as one lives is one thing,—but to cross knowing that one's comrades will be in the home town when one gets back is decidedly another matter. It had sounded sociable, jovial and convivial to go out with such a party, but in reality the party soon became parties.

What with the heavy seas, the fruit and the knowledge that they would all have to know each other when they got home, the delegation stayed in their cabins for the first few days.

The *S.S. Empire State* did not plow through the

waves, she tossed on top of them as if she had been made of cork. Those who attempted to reach the decks flopped into their deck chairs rolled up in rugs and tried their best to forget that the Pacific had them in its grasp. It was grey sloppy weather. I remember one man saying to the captain as he passed us all buttoned to his chin in black rubber and wearing a sou'wester:

“Hey, Captain, why don’t you kill us and be done with it?”

The children kept well. Dried milk and fruit juices seem to be an ideal baby diet and there were many willing arms to hold her.

Our first breakfast in the dining salon was attempted after several days. Francis made it memorable. The ship was bounding along on a pinnacled ocean, there was a stiff breeze and the blue waves beat against the portholes of the huge salon and fell back with a mighty swish and splash. The tables and chairs were not secured to the floor and guard rails had not been attached to the tables. Then, suddenly, the *Empire State* took a nose dive that cleared every dish off the tables. One lady turned a somersault backward from her seat and several others were thrown to the floor. There was, of course, a resounding crash and a moment of terrible confusion. Then Francis’ high voice rose above the furore, “I didn’t do that. Did I, Mother?”

The weather cleared as we reached Honolulu. The Governor sent cars to the pier to meet the official party and we were driven around the island by a group of important residents.

How important, I discovered at the Outrigger Club tea next day. I happened to mention the name of a certain gentleman who had kindly minded the baby for me during the tour of the island. Everyone laughed, "Oh, no. Too ridiculous. Why I don't suppose he ever held his own baby in his whole life." He happened to be one of the wealthiest men in Honolulu,—that nurse-maid of mine!

A dinner dance was given in our honor, at the Muano Hotel, but there was no steward on board and no nurse on shore whom I knew well enough to trust with the children, so after Frank had departed for the party, I resigned myself to a novel and dimmed light in our stateroom.

Then Mr. Meyer tapped at my door. "Mrs. Eldridge? You still here?"

"Of course," I whispered at the door for fear I'd wake the children. "I can't leave the baby."

He was an elderly gentleman, one of our trade commissioners, and in dinner clothes he looked as if he should have been an ambassador. "But—I'll stay with the children. You must go."

"Frank has left. Besides what if the baby woke?"

"Nonsense, my dear. I'm not afraid of a baby. And there are plenty of people to go with."

I protested, but he was a firm man with a good argument. I left him sitting by the baby's kiddie-koop under the shaded lights with my novel in his hands and one of Dr. Moser's typed formulas as a book mark. A strange situation for a charming, sophisticated gentleman in a dinner jacket. A gentleman who looked like an ambassador.

We danced that night on the wide balconies of the hotel and strolled along the silver shore of Waikiki beach to watch the white, glass-topped waves as they rolled toward us in the moonlight. The air was perfumed and warm and it was easy to forget the hours. When we returned Mr. Meyer was peacefully rocking Karin. He had removed his dinner jacket and she was fast asleep on his shoulder.

After we left Honolulu our thoughts turned naturally toward Japan. For the first time for several years I realized that I was partly Japanese. Also I experienced the thrill of an incognito. No one on board knew that my father was Japanese and no one even suspected it. The San Franciscans' dislike of the Japanese was soon being discussed. It was their many derogatory allusions to the country and people that reminded me that I could be classed in the hated tribe. At first they took me by surprise. Cosmopolitan Washington had been so free of that sort of thing.

I did not say anything the first time the subject was spoken of, because I was uncertain whether my husband in his official capacity as head of the Washington party would care to have me confess myself so closely related to their disapproval. It always filled people's thoughts with phantasms of one kind or another and took so much explaining, which would probably never be as effective under the circumstances as silence and the incognito.

I secretly discussed the problem with Frank and our Washington party. Mrs. Hoyt was much amused. She said, "Well, if the Californians themselves haven't found you out (and they certainly have not) I should say that the proof of the pudding is in the eating and I for one wouldn't give them any unsettling digestive tablets."

Mr. Meyer said, "No one has ever thought of such a thing. Why bring up an unpleasing problem now?"

Frank said, "You'll only force them to be extra nice to you and embarrass them when they think of all the remarks they have made, which remarks by the way, prove in themselves that no one on the ship would ever think of you as Japanese."

I would undoubtedly have maintained my discreet silence if it had not been for Mrs. Victor Berger.

She and her devoted secretary were on board, though they were not of the Commerce party.

One day her deck chair chanced to be next to mine. The salt wind blew past our corner of the deck so pleasantly that I couldn't help remarking on it to her. We had not been talking long when she said, "Do you know who I am?"

"No." I admitted frankly, wondering why she asked me.

"I am Mrs. Victor Berger."

"Yes?" The name meant nothing to me then, but I realized that she expected me to melt or freeze. "I'm Mrs. Eldridge."

"I know. That's just why I spoke. I thought perhaps as a wife of a Department Official you would rather not know me."

"Why?"

"Then you don't know my story?" And she gave me her heroic story quite simply,—how when her husband had been imprisoned for his socialistic beliefs she had gone from door to door in Milwaukee begging for money to bail him out. She told me among other things that her secretary had once been the police spy who had followed her a long time, until they had become acquainted and had grown to love each other. I could not be surprised at anyone loving Mrs. Berger. She was honest and real, and surely a gallant lady. Her placid, majestic truths and her calm suggestion that I might not wish to know her made me feel trivial and mean. Perhaps there

were people on board who might not wish to know me. Had I been fair to them? Mrs. Berger was a big person. Her personality made her greater than any who did not wish to know her. There was no defiance in her tone. She just related her facts with a superlative detachment giving me every chance to disapprove. She even quietly explained to me why a government official's wife might not care to be identified with her. I shall always love Mrs. Berger for her spiritual surgery. It was worthwhile to feel so small,—so diminished. For I hoped I should never feel so small again, at least for this reason. When I left her I was utterly ashamed of my own situation,—masquerading under an incognito,—afraid of what I was.

That night at dinner when Japan was condemned as being without decency and the old, old story about Chinese being employed in all the Japanese banks was dragged forth to prove their dishonesty, I remarked, "I can hardly agree with you, because you see my father is Japanese."

At first they laughed outright at me, refusing to believe me. They thought I was joking! Then one more discerning than the rest said, "And what nationality was your mother?"

I remember the temptation, engendered no doubt by their criticism, of remarking, "Why Japanese, of course."

Technically this would have been perfectly true. For just a moment the Adams weakness for adopting unpopular causes and making myself obnoxious nearly got the better of me. What I did say was, "She was born in Londonderry, North of Ireland."

There was a long silence,—a silence of mixed electrical impulses. Then the Irish politician whose duty it was to "make iverbody fale at home" blurted out, "Sure and I don't doubt it. I wouldn't put anything past an Orangeman!"

The fact that I had traveled over half the Pacific in intimate association with one hundred thirty-five Californians and that in the end I had to tell them of my Orientalism proves that it is not very apparent. It was evidence that, without a statement concerning my antecedents no one would find me extraordinary. In other words, I do believe that I am only average and that my supposedly "interesting" traits are somewhat mythical. Holy prayers in a horse's ear!

The sea had treated us very badly. Several people had been hurt by the unexpectedly rabbit-like lurchings of our vessel, among them Mrs. Morrison, the wife of a well-known San Francisco lawyer. Mr. Morrison, however, attended most of the conferences and committee meetings that the men were busily holding preparing for their official reception in Japan.

Just before we reached there, at one of these meet-

ings in the smoking room, Frank who had escaped most of the sea-sickness excused himself suddenly for that unpleasant cause and thereby inspired a poem written by our trade commissioner, Mr. Hoyt.

“On the road to Yokohama  
'Board the good ship Empire State  
How we felt the ocean qualma !  
How we gave the fishes bait !  
Even Eldridge Sahib the mighty  
Came beneath old Neptune's spell,  
When we left the shores of blighty,  
When we heard the dinner bell.  
He our envoy diplomatic  
With a mind that ne'er stands still  
With a training bureaucratic  
Fed the fish against his will.  
Soon we'll be on terra firma  
Out of Father Neptune's realm  
Where the stomach does not squirma  
And the mighty take the helm.  
Then will Eldridge in oration  
Tell the Japs with foresight keen  
About the word called 'limitation'  
And what 'troubled waters' mean.”

Soon after this we steamed into Yokohama harbor on one of those bright blue days that seem to belong exclusively to the Orient. My mother and father were on the dock to meet us.

Mother's first words were, "I'm going with you."  
"What?"

"Yes. My dears, I'm going with you around the world. Think of it!"

My father seemed happy to think she was to have the trip with us. We all talked at once and they were, of course, enthusiastic over the children. Mother especially loved the baby Karin.

They were living some distance from town and we took an automobile. Japan looked so small compared to my remembrances. The streets had not changed, but they were so much narrower than I had pictured them mentally. Everything had shrunk. Half way there Francis asked, "Mother, when do we get out of the park?"

To Francis Japan was an enormous Rock Creek Park, but to me it was again a disappointment. It did not frighten me, nor did I feel inclined to weep over a rickshaw ride, but it was all so shabby and so unexpectedly rural. I suppose I had expected more of it than the rest did, for the Californians were charmed and delighted with it.

Mother's home was beautifully built and furnished. Servants supplied every need. But as I laid my things on her bed I wondered if I should ever wish to live there and decided no. I was glad I was nothing but a tourist. I could not wish myself back into the old Bluff life. Perhaps it was that with all

effort so eliminated by these efficient servants, life became dull and objectless. There was nothing left to strive for except a prize at bridge, or a blue ribbon on one's picked horse at a gymkana. There were no surprises except perhaps a find in the way of a new curio to add to one's collection, or a new man in town to flirt with. I remembered how husbands and wives had seemed only figureheads for "posts" and how people were valued for their positions rather than for themselves. And how the greatest importance in life was the number of great names one could scribble on a dance program!

Japan entertained the Chamber of Commerce party royally. But of all the gay "doings" the strangest, for me, was an evening at the Grand Hotel. The place had not changed, but all the people had.

"Hello, Kathleen!" I released the arm of the young man I had been dancing with and looked at the pretty Miss who confronted me.

"I'm sorry. But . . ."

"You don't know me?"

I looked more carefully and tried desperately to remember. "No, I'm afraid I don't."

"I'm Sidney Box. Marjory's little sister. Marjory isn't here tonight. She'll be sorry to have missed seeing you."

Dear, dear, how old the child made me feel! She had been too small for Marjory and me to consider,

and now here she was at a Grand Hotel dance. Marjory's sister full grown! Marjory had gone to Miss Jahn's with us. Perhaps I shouldn't have known Marjory herself.

Half a dozen others called me by name and then had to explain themselves.

I saw Dr. Parevachinni sipping a liqueur. He looked just as he had the day I had last seen him. He would know me. I hurried across the dance floor to greet him.

"Ah, Doctor. So nice to see you once again," I held out my hand.

But he took it uncertainly and stared at me blankly. I had changed. He did not know me.

No one I remembered, remembered me. No one who remembered me could I seem to remember. A weird and ageing evening.

My father was there. Mr. Morrison had invited him to coffee on the outskirts of the dance floor. Between dances I found them talking international relationships. As he was a Californian Mr. Morrison was zealous to acquire the Japanese angle on the subject of war with America.

But my father whose chief interest in life, like the great majority of Japan's populace, lay in the silk business, was more than puzzled by his questions and could only mutter, "Impossible—impossible! What would become of the silk market?"

At last I had to disentangle them, "Japan is in the position of a dependent wife," I explained, as well as I could. "Her great export, in fact almost her only export, is silk and America is practically her only customer. How can she plot for war with her best economic support?"

One day before we left Japan sitting in front of a cheery fire at home, I had a quiet hour with my father. That talk has often been a comfort to me since, for it is nice to know one has a worthwhile father somewhere in the world, even when it is on the other side of the globe, and even though he has gone back to Japanese ways far from my own.

He began by asking me if I were really happy. He said, "You know, Kathleen, you can always come home. We have been very alone here without you. And we would be so glad to have the children."

I thanked him, for I did think it sporting of him to say things. My mother never did. I admired his honesty and his frankness. Mother was so different and often so difficult. She expected me to know things unsaid. She had a definite code of life which she never mentioned; a love of certain people of which she never spoke; and a solution for every situation which she used silently and deftly. She would have been just as glad to have had me return home and live with them in Japan, perhaps even more happy over such a circumstance than my father, but she

never said so. I was grateful for his ability to state facts and thankful for his kindness in bringing things out in the open as it were.

“Then you really prefer to live in America?” he continued, “I don’t quite understand why, it must be a hard life, but as you do,—there is nothing more to be said about it. But your mother?”

“What about Mother?”

“Do you think she will ever go back to stay in America?”

“And leave you?”

“Yes.”

“Why?”

“I’m afraid I don’t know. She likes to be clever and talk wittily. There is no one here to whom she can talk wittily.” He looked older as he said it.

“Mother didn’t like my home in America,” I reassured him.

“Then you didn’t let her have her own way.”

“No, I didn’t. I couldn’t.”

“She’s an interesting woman. Did she try to look down her nose at you?”

“Maybe she did.” We smiled at each other. He was so human and understanding. In that moment of silence that followed while we smiled, I imagined that he would have laughed with me often when Mother did not. Perhaps he would have laughed

when the cat and the Chargé had leapt from my dining room chair in Washington. . . .

Then he sighed.

I have often wondered about that sigh. But I suppose I'll never fathom it. Was he sorry I wasn't ever going to go back to Japan? Was Mother an interesting woman, but a problematic one as well? Would he have liked to have a nice truly Japanese daughter? And wife? It might have meant so much, that sigh, and yet, it might have meant just nothing at all.

"Then I'll expect her back here in nine months or so," he added, staring into the fire as if he could see those nine months and many other things buried in the coals. After a moment or so he sat up in his chair and clapped for the amah to bring in tea and dismissed me with, "Well,—I hope you all have a very happy time together."

## I WAS NOT PREPARED FOR CHINA.

I had lived nine years in Japan and had read a great deal about China as my husband's work had brought home many books that might otherwise have been off my reading list. But I was unprepared for the place itself. The friends of Hell House and, on the other hand, many of our most conservative Government officials had often discussed it in the winter evenings in Washington around my hearth, and yet China itself came as a distinct shock.

The thing that surprised and impressed me was that before we had reached the pier I became convinced that the "world-fixers" could not fix it,—that it was beyond and irretrievably past any handling by the "parlor pinks," or any other of the theorists.

The significant fact about China was that it was hungry.

As our ship eased its way up the yellow Yangtse to dock at Shanghai we were surrounded by thousands of poverty-stricken boats whose occupants, dirty, ragged, and diseased pressed forward to fish up our garbage as it was being dumped from the stern of the *Empire State*. Some of it, to the joy of

the rabble in the swarm of crafts below us, fell in mushy dripping masses into their very midst. These filthy buckets full of food debris they accepted with cheers of delight and often nods of thanks to the watching passengers.

China was hungry!

They needed actual, solid, eatable food far more than any food for thought that the West might have to offer. The whole point of the Chinese problem centered and hung on this question of food, or rather the lack of it.

Since those first moments of China, it has never seemed important to me, whether we had extraterritoriality or not. What did it matter whether or not *likin* were abolished? Or whether Chang Tso-lin or Wu-Pei-fu or some one else controlled the country? Or who operated the Chinese Eastern Railroad? Or whether Nationalism or the "Powers" took things in hand? What mattered and what still matters greatly is what is to be accomplished in this problem of feeding such quantities of people when there is not enough to go around. The answer, as I see it, for the whole Orient is birth control. But our learned men will probably spend the rest of their valuable lives deciding the "position of the Powers," the "rights" in this or that exact portion of the country, abolition of *likin* and the questions about the division of the railroads. And the "world-fixers" at home will prob-

ably stretch their slippers feet toward their log fires and argue about Nationalists in China, taxation and the "war lords." But to me as I hung with the rest of the Commerce survey party over the rails of the *Empire State* in the autumn of 1921 (and the situation over there does not seem to have had any radical changes since), the real and actual problem for China was unmistakably—how to feed 'em! Who should do it, or why, or whether the rescuers should be Christian or not seemed then and still seems to me to be totally beside the point.

The consul at Shanghai sent out a well dressed elderly Chinese nurse to take charge of my children. She was apparently clean except for her finger nails which were caked with dirt. The nails themselves on several fingers were bent back by the thick layers of dark substance which had lodged in the finger tips. But I accepted her presence despite this disconcerting feature, because of the reassuring note that accompanied her and because I fully realized that no holy prayers of mine to clean them would influence her horse's ear.

To the consul whose wife had sent her I remarked upon the finger nails and he answered, "But you don't understand. The long nails prove that she is of the upper classes, that they are dirty is beside the point . . ."

So despite the finger nails I took and kept this

nurse, for Mother made no offer to keep the children and I thought it wise to have someone who would save our Trade Commissioners and the wealthy residents of the port from playing nurse maid for me on the occasions when it was important that I accompany my husband.

Frank and forty-five of the party went to Peking, but Mother, the children and I stayed on the ship. Our stateroom was down the aisle from the ship's doctor and there seemed to be a fresh supply of blood on the passage floor leading to his office every time I went out. I learned that the wharf coolies were constantly being damaged fighting with each other.

Mother and I joined several others for a long rickshaw ride to see the city. When we stood on the dock ready to start, a whole army of coolies in rottenly ragged garments surrounded us. They clutched at our coats and pulled us this way and that as if their lives depended upon that rickshaw fare. Perhaps they did.

We had been so accustomed to orderly Japan that we scarcely knew what to do. The rest of the party looked helplessly at us, because they felt that we should know the Orient. And why should we not? The wife and daughter of a Japanese subject? At last a tall sikh policeman came to our aid. He was dressed in British uniform plus a turban and with

whip in hand he managed to release us from the excited mob.

The ride proved interesting. The predominating color of pale blue made China much less drab than Japan with its sombre greys. In the Chinese quarter of the city someone threw a piece of brass pipe about two inches thick at my mother, who with her usual quickness caught it in her hand as it sailed by. Why should they be trying to harm us? But the Shanghai disturbances answered that question for us, a year or so later.

When we were returning to the wharf at dusk, my coolie lagged behind the others. I grew nervous, but he looked pitifully worn and underfed so I did not like to ask him to hurry. We were fully a block behind when the others suddenly turned a corner and disappeared from sight.

"Hi!—You hurry," I cried, but he only grunted and I was not sure he understood me.

"Hi! You make more fast," I ventured getting more alarmed. But he decreased his speed. It became a walk!

Then he put down his shafts.

I looked around. We were on the dock, but there was not another soul in sight. Nothing but piles of huge packing cases that walled us in on both sides. He was a menacing figure as he turned to face me, standing within the shafts.

All he said was, "Money and coat."

I was wearing a new fur coat that my father had bought me in Japan. I was too shocked to realize exactly what was happening to me. I had lived years in Japan without vindicating the horror I had felt on that long ago first rickshaw ride. For all those years I had shamefully recalled those silly tears,—Japan had never justified them. But, now, as I stared at that threatening, malicious, hungry looking coolie, I felt sure that China could. The wonder of having such a forgotten early presentiment suddenly manifest itself on my first ride in China, deprived me of all power of thought. I stood up in my rickshaw and before either of us realized just what I was going to do, I lifted one foot, balanced carefully on the other and planted as much of my weight as I dared in the middle of his chest.

I had kicked him!

He sat down rather awkwardly. Neither of us spoke a word. I reseated myself with all the dignity I could muster and folded my hands in my lap as sedately as possible. He got up, brushed the dust off the seat of his trousers, picked up the shafts and trotted briskly off to the *Empire State*.

Next day Mother went to a store in search of a stick.

"Mother, what do you want with a stick?"

"In Rome . . ." she murmured.

A tall Chinese in robes of silk waited on us. Mother said with the most ingenious naïveté in the world, "I want a stout stick to beat the coolies."

The man bowed and answered, "Ash is the best."

Accordingly Mother purchased an ash cane and departed amused at the calm acceptance of the situation that ash was the best . . . And yet, I felt how cruel it was to strike men who were desperate because they and their families were starving.

We were dined and lunched and taken for a long trip on a steam launch up the Yangtse. But everywhere we went we saw collective hunger. Poor wretched, ragged coolies floating by in their small junks; and on shore dark, dilapidated hovels, diseases and dirt, all these things made us sigh for poor chaotic China.

Frank returned with the "forty-five" from this trip to Peking. I was glad I had not gone with them since everyone of them had what is known as Peking throat.

Julean Arnold, our Commercial Attaché, came down from our Peking legation to accompany us as far as Hongkong. Mr. Arnold is always great fun. He loves China and he laughed at all my fears. In fact as I listened to him I wondered if I were not developing a sort of brain delusion and my view of China a hallucination, for his angle was so contrary to mine. We were like two people who look at the

doughnut, one seeing only the dough and the other the hole. But I was certainly glad to hear from him (and he must know for he has lived there these many years), that there were Chinese in China who had enough to eat. . . .

Before the Astor Hotel on his first afternoon among us we gathered about him. Some of us were going in to dine and others had decided to return to the ship. Frank turned to Mr. Arnold, "Tell the rickshaw men to take us back to the boat," he begged.

Mr. Arnold had evidently been serving his time as translator for all the requests of the "Peking-forty-five." Imagine our surprise when he spoke in English with a flourish of the hand to emphasize his helplessness, "Take them to the boat!" He laughed and we all laughed with him to realize that his Peking Mandarin Chinese was useless in Shanghai! Innumerable dialects were needed to speak in all parts of this country. Did anyone, even the Chinese know them all?

Several eminent Chinese sailed with us when we departed. That next morning, when the *Empire State* was bobbing along in the China Sea, Mr. Gale who was one of those enthusiastic men who want everybody to have a "real good time" hailed me on the upper deck.

"Say, Mrs. Eldridge, you must meet some of our Chinese friends."

"Certainly, I'd be glad to."

"Wait a minute." He dived into the nearest entrance and returned piloting a nice looking Chinese in European clothes.

"Mrs. Eldridge, you must meet Mr. . . .?" Mr. Gale hesitated, grinned, shifted to the other foot and then pleaded, "I'm sorry . . . I don't think I caught your name."

The man looked straight at him without even a twinkle of understanding and with a rising inflection said, "Huh?"

"Your name," repeated Mr. Gale slightly louder, "You know . . . I want to have you meet Mrs. Eldridge."

"Huh?"

Mr. Gale tried again, "This is Mrs. Eldridge—what—is—your—name?"

"Huh?"

"Name," Mr. Gale fairly shouted, "N-A-M-E Name!"

"Huh?"

We all felt a crack in the social joy. It was difficult for Mr. Gale to retain his broad grin without seeming to be smiling at the situation. I could not gladden enough, to adequately acknowledge an introduction to a man who kept stupidly repeating "Huh?" And my fortunate sense of humor was being taxed beyond endurance by watching the mental high jumps poor Mr. Gale was attempting.

Then the Chinese rescued us, "My name is Huh(?), it is spelled Ng—pronounced Huh(?). . . .

Before we reached Hongkong my mother, myself, and both children were developing Peking throat; we had contracted it from the "Peking forty-five." It was a nasty disease. It comes, I was told, from the fact that Peking is a very dry and dusty city. Open drains run along the sides of the streets and the Chinese have the cheerful custom of dipping out this liquid and throwing it about to lay the dust. This dries and the winds waft it to the unacclimated, and a Peking throat is soon occupying the place where a good American one ought to be. With my family it produced the effects of a heavy cold plus dysentery. Mother, who had had pneumonia the winter previously in Japan was the most seriously affected. I was too busy with my own family to realize just how many of the Trade Survey party were actually prostrated from their attacks of this malady. I had a mild case and was able to nurse Mother, Frank and the children. But we were all fit to stand on our feet and enjoy Hongkong.

Hongkong is beautiful. The English have built an unusual and stately city on a mountain side. From the deck of a vessel anchored at twilight, no other city can compare. It looms over one like some rocky tower of strength for it is built on a rugged mass of merciless cliffs that rise sharp and cone-like to a point which is well named the Peak. At twilight the

city lights flicker into being and as the night comes on it becomes a gigantic Christmas tree, stirring one to a strange, tremendous joy. The city itself is uncluttered and clean. After the rabble and hub-bub of Shanghai, Sou-chow and the Yangtze, it gave me a peace that endeared to me the British Government and all its work in the Orient.

The Governor of Hongkong entertained some of us at the races and others of the party went down to Canton. I emerged from my family to take a long drive about the island.

Mrs. Morrison sat next me in the car that day. She was middle aged, with a very sweet voice and her arm was in a sling.

“How is your arm?” I asked as we started.

“We have had a terrible trip,” she confessed. “The *Empire State* broke my arm one day when we were cavorting around in the Pacific. But Mr. Morrison has probably told you.”

“Yes,” I admitted, “I believe he did. I meant to look you up.”

That was why I hadn't met her. She looked pale and tired as she rested uneasily in her corner of the car, and continued, “Mr. Morrison would go to Peking. He caught a bad cold and this Peking throat. I feel anxious but the doctor says it will be all right and I'm not to worry. Still he doesn't seem to be able to throw the thing off!”

I felt guilty for although I had heard of her trouble, I had been too busy to offer her my regrets.

We seemed to be driving among the mountain tops. There were far away glimpses of the sea here and there. It was not like anything I had imagined of China, for there were no unpleasing smells, no hungry looking coolies, no sore headed babies, no dark hovels, no feeling of menacing diseases,—just a roller coaster landscape of green hills and patches of deep blue sea.

To an English resident whom I met at tea that day at the Hotel on the summit of the Peak, I remarked, "I think I should like to live in Hongkong. It's a miracle. It is the first place in the Orient that fulfills one's dreams of romance."

"Hongkong?" What surprise there was in her tones! "Hongkong! Well—of course—it IS bearable in winter. We all go away in summer. You came at just the most possible season."

After Hongkong the China Sea calmed down to a soft tropical ocean. We gathered on deck for games, gave bridge parties and at night there were movies and dancing. We all became well acquainted and brought out our purchases of beads, kimonos and mandarin coats and talked feelingly of our bargains. We discussed the Orient from many angles.

The San Franciscans wrote Mr. Eldridge a long testimonial of thanks and presented us with some

beautiful gifts as a remembrance. They were all very kind. We were leaving them at Singapore, as we were bound for India and they were going to the Philippines. There were some real regrets expressed at parting, just as the weather was permitting us an intimacy. We had picked up an artist somewhere in China who drew marvelous caricatures of us all. The Chinese had left us at Hongkong and everything was becoming nicely small townish. Thousands of dollars slid back and forth across the largest table in the smoking room; day and night the game went on. Yet, in the background we all felt that we had not touched the Orient, but that the Orient—gloomy and terrible—had reached out a filthy finger and defaced us with its mark. There were mysterious cases of Peking throat down in the cabins. They didn't seem to get well.

As I walked the deck with different members of the party they spoke lovingly of clean and comfortable Japan. They had enjoyed the iron hand of Japan's disciplined government. They spoke much more kindly of Japan than I had ever done and they said nicer things about the Japanese than I had ever thought, and they were Californians!

I sought Mrs. Morrison, but she had disappeared. Someone told me that Mr. Morrison was very ill. I dared not go to their stateroom for I was afraid of carrying more Oriental germs back to my children.

And my mother still coughed, so I had to be careful for her sake as well. My mother, who in her girlhood had thought the Orient such a fascinating, romantic place! Was it for Peking throat that she had eloped to Milwaukee?

But there was always a different viewpoint. One pretty young lady chatting with me over a bridge game said, "I do think it's a shame that all the really good looking buildings in China are owned by the Europeans."

"They built them."

"But China ought to belong to the Chinese. It is dreadful to see all the best cities owned and operated by white people."

"They built the cities."

"I know, but they are exploiting China."

I was silent. But like the Irishman's turkey that was sold to him for a parrot, I did a "Divil of athinkin'—."

The day we landed in Singapore a cruel sun blazed. Our consul, Mr. Harris, was there to meet us. He said, "Buy those kids some sun helmets."

"As soon as we get on shore."

Someone else pulled my sleeve, "Better do it before you take them ashore. We have direct rays from the sun here and it's dangerous."

So I went in search of sun helmets.

Singapore was hot and tropical. If Japan was grey

and China was blue, then Singapore was brick red and brick brown. The sarong predominated. Batiks and Indian prints, ear rings, bangles, anklets, even nose rings glistened in the scorching sunlight. Strange Malayan traffic police directed a jumble of ox carts, gharries, rickshaws, automobiles and vendors. In the more European section of the city were white buildings, panama hats and white shoes.

My rickshaw man took me to an English store where a clerk (he pronounced it clark) sleepily found two small pith helmets for me which I purchased and carried back to the ship.

At every port our officials had dressed in their morning suits and tall black hats. When I reached the main deck they were all out in their best, the women in light colored summer silks, but they looked unhappy. Before anyone stopped me I knew something terrible had happened. Few were talking and most were just leaning on the rails gazing at the docks and the sea. Anxiety was written plainly on all their faces.

"What is the matter?" I pushed my way through the more or less silent throng to Frank who looked as if he had dressed for a funeral.

"What is it? Where are the children?"

"Mr. Morrison is dead."

"What?"

"Yes. Peking throat. He broke out in a spotty rash. Died on deck."

"On deck?"

"Too hot in the cabins. They brought him up here."

No wonder the landing was different from any we had made previously. This was horrible. We were all fairly terrified,—almost panic stricken.

I searched for Mrs. Morrison, but found she had left the ship.

We went to the Europe Hotel. There we found many others of our party gathered in the large reception hall which was decorated in black and white stripes and did not give out much cheer. We all clung together subdued, saddened,—and not a little worried. Mrs. Morrison was not among the crowd. Rumor spread that she was going to trans-ship and return directly to San Francisco. Could one think of anything more lonely than her return voyage with Mr. Morrison?

This was the Orient.

A bungalow in Takoma Park stood neat and clean on the other side of the world. The other side of the world was six weeks—seven weeks—away. This was what people meant when they talked about the "jumping off" place. We all decided that Singapore was a "jumping off" place. What a hotel! Black and white stripes, lizards in the bathroom, dutch-wives

in the beds, punkas waving wearily overhead, saw-dust for the toilets, a mammoth china mixing bowl for a tub with a written admonition, "Don't lean, stand, sit in or move this tub."—Who was going to the funeral? Who wanted to go to India? Who wanted to go back on the *Empire State*? Who wished they had never left home?

This was the Orient. This was why there was so much talk among the Orientals about fate and destiny. How could the great uneducated masses in "jumping off" places believe in cause and effect and science, when mysterious diseases could spread so quickly, when unexplained death could enter the stronghold of a cheerful, innocent, Californian Trade Survey?

ONE NIGHT, ON A SILENT, LANTERN-lit dock our rickshaws threaded their way bumping over heavy ropes, and finally set down their shafts by the gang-planks of the *S. S. Ellenga*. It was a British India boat bound for Rangoon.

The San Francisco delegation had left Singapore the week before, waving us farewells from the decks of the *Empire State* and our Trade Commissioners also had departed, some of them to China and others to the South Seas. It was Mr. Eldridge's duty to go India-way and now the *Ellenga* stood against that dark mysterious wharf ready to start. She looked like a tug-boat compared to the *Empire State* and we boarded her with grave misgivings. If the *Empire State* could break an arm in the Pacific and hurl the breakfast dishes about the salon, what might not the *Ellenga* do to us in the Straits of Malacca?

The cabins were about the size of our individual bath-rooms on the *Empire State*. These were real sea-men cabins! Thousands of "things" crawled along the walls, gnats whirred, flies buzzed, the heat

was sickening and the smell of garlic was beyond words.

A Hindu sailor dressed in night-blue, tight-fitting trousers and a long tight coat that reached to his knees, with a wide scarlet sash around the waist and a rope-like turban of black and white awning stripes, deposited our bags. These piratical costumes we soon discovered were the usual sailor uniforms of the British India boats.

"Let's sleep on deck," Frank advised.

"It looks as if the worst were yet to come," Mother sighed.

The children slept in our arms fully dressed. I said, "As far back as I can remember nothing in life had ever been just what it appeared to be. Let's hope this isn't."

It was not. We always looked back on that journey from Singapore to Rangoon as one of the most delightful voyages we had ever made. The food was impossible as everything, from soup to pudding, was flavored with curry powder. The cabins were the poorest I have ever been in and the whole ship reeked of garlic. But the scenery, the sea and the passengers gave us some of the most beautiful memories of our lives.

The first day we watched Sumatra's dark shore line in the distance. It was thrilling to think that tigers were stalking in the deep jungles of that dim

shore. The sea was pale green and opaque, and as calm as a bowl full of jello. In it were enormous jelly-fish bright colored—lavender—pink—white—crimson—they floated past, visible beneath the surface in the green water like stray flower-giants in some fairy tale. Silver flying fish flashed in the sunlight skimming along the water and every now and then a long dark water snake wiggled by like an animated Malayan kris, or lay straight resting stiffly on the surface of the sea like a Moro sword.

There must have been fifty passengers on board, but after the first twenty-four hours we knew them all casually and by the second day we knew them intimately. They told us tales of the East; of cobras and tigers; of monkeys; and of elephants that ran “amuk” killing their attendants; of living “up country” on rubber plantations; of teak logging in the jungles; of white men who had not seen civilization for years and years.

We lay in our deck chairs and listened at our ease to these adventurous stories of the British in the Orient. A mystery to us they seemed, flavored with sentiments from unknown worlds. Another method of life, unthought of vicissitudes, and unbelievable dangers for the white man in the Far East. All this made America seem distant and small. We had thought of America as the whole world, but now we were being asked, “Where is Chicago?”

The Chicago! we protested horrified that such ignorance could exist, and feeling that perhaps we were being hoaxed, "The Chicago—Illinois—United States of America!"

"Ah, really, I remember now. That's the place where they bombed the blacks. Queer place the States. . . ."

"Frightfully interesting," someone joined in. "I crossed there once—didn't see a house for days and then found everybody in the country piled up in Chicago—or was it New York?"

"The films come from there."

"And the missionaries. . . ."

The Straits of Malacca were widening when Penang welcomed us with an American consul who drove a Ford car and said that he and his wife liked the post.

All along Frank had been the repository of sad stories from the different American officials who begged him, as a Department man, to do what he could for them when he got back to Washington. Apparently each dreaded his own part of the Orient and longed for a "transfer" . . . Imagine our surprise then, when this consul said, "No, I have nothing to complain of. We like Penang."

It inspired Frank to something resembling poetry!

“They said Penang was a deadly hole,  
With nothing at all to see.  
But we landed there to take the air,  
My wife, her mother, my children and me!

Now we were bent with keen intent,  
On temples and crannied nooks,  
And all the “sights” which they invent,  
In Murray’s standard books.

I had seen Peking and had had my fling  
At Shanghai’s bubbling well;  
On Hongkong’s peak I could not speak  
I had visited Canton’s Hell.

So we reached Penang where Poets ne’er sang  
With a slightly boresome air,  
But we hit the unique with an awful bang  
The odd—the immense—the bizarre!

A satisfied Consul driving his Ford  
With a wife who liked the post,  
In this ever surprising year of our Lord,  
Was the thing that surprised us most.”

(This verse was published in the Consular Bulletin when we got home and unexpectedly created more interest in the Departments than all the sad stories which my husband dutifully presented to them in prose.)

We left the *Ellenga* with profound regret. We were leaving many intimate charming friends and we realized that we should never meet again. They were going back to their jungles beyond the "jumping off" places, while we were returning to America. We knew that sometimes in their hot, lonely evenings by their oil lamps in the silence of their deep forests, they would think of us and their holiday trip to Singapore and back on the *Ellenga*. And we knew that someday in Washington, D. C., on the other side of the world, people would mention the Straits of Malacca, or Rangoon, or we would hear some jazz orchestra playing a strange exotic tune that would remind us, or a face would pass us on Pennsylvania Avenue that would recall something of theirs and bring us thoughts of night and the jungles and our companions on the *Ellenga*. . . .

Rangoon was on the road to Mandalay. And Rangoon itself seemed to "come up like thunder,"—at the customs the British officials warned us, "Fifty men, British and natives pegged out at one of the temples here yesterday. There have been some poison cases at the hotel. Don't go mucking about the temples, we've got a squabble on with the priests who are a bit wrought up just now."

"Is India throwing over British rule?" I ventured.

The customs' officers laughed, "I say,—that's a nasty one."

“Is it an uprising?”

“Rather not!”

“Is it serious?”

“You’re an odd one.” They laughed. “But you’ll be safe enough if you don’t go in for the temples. Frightful fag, but the natives can’t tell anyone from the States from the rest of us.”

“I suppose not,” I agreed, inwardly admiring the cheery way in which they all accepted a revolt.

“Stopping long?” one inquired.

“No.”

“Keep fit and you’ll be safe enough.”

We acquired a guide, a man much smaller than the usual Indian, but polite and with enough English. He wore European clothes and a black fez dimly reminding one of some Russian cap. I’ve forgotten his name, but I recall him tenderly for he gave me the most romantic moment of my life!

The American consul was a nice young man. He was not “going native,” but going British—very much so.

I shocked him by putting a hotel label on one of our trunks. “Really, it isn’t done out here, Mrs. Eldridge. No one ever sticks their own labels on their luggage. You should have called a servant.”

“But I only had to lick it.”

“But you really mustn’t. Not out here.”

“It wasn’t any bother.”

"And YOU a Department official's wife!"

I felt immediately that there was no limit to the disgrace I had brought upon the United States, so I begged him to tell me some of the other things I was not to do. When he finished, I knew that I was not supposed to DO anything but sit tight and look at the scenery. He ended with, "I have not put on my own boots for over a year. I wouldn't think of putting my own boots on!"

We had become quite accustomed to "things" large and small crawling and flying about us, but there were nasty little hard, green gnats that made Rangoon particularly annoying. These got in one's nose and ears and floated on one's soup. We had to pick them out of every mouthful of food. They were gritty and not pleasant to taste. I threw away formula after formula of baby's food on account of these pests. At last I sent for an American doctor who lived at the Hotel. He came. He said he had lived in Rangoon for years and his wife and daughter were in California visiting. He looked disappointed when he found us all so well, and gave a hearty laugh when I told him my complaint against the green bugs.

"Oh, those things! Lord,—they are part of our regular diet out here."

"But the baby?"

"The grasshoppers won't hurt her. They are a species of grasshoppers, you know. . . ."

So we took his advice and ate our food unpicked and put on veils when we went for rides because there were so many infant grasshoppers; they scratched one's face as the wind blew them in green clouds about us.

One day Mother and Frank insisted upon seeing the Shwe Dagon Pagoda, but I would not go with them. Their immunity to the Orient was a constant wonder to me, for neither Peking throat, nor starving humanity, nor even knowledge of the deaths which had occurred in the temple riots only a few days previously seemed to affect their psychology of well being. . . . I pleaded with them not to go. I refused absolutely to disobey the suggestion of the British Customs' officials, but they went in spite of my protests and fate repaid me for my meek compliance to authority with a Romantic Moment.

The children took a nap every afternoon and while they slept a Malayan maid sat and watched them. That afternoon, I suggested that the guide take me to the Bazaar. I wanted some silk and some Burmese umbrellas.

At the outer entrance of the Rangoon Bazaar I hesitated. Fifty people had "pegged out" in that city only a few days before. There was a long twilight passage narrow and mysterious that led to the main

doorway. From the distant end of this passage came loud voices, a jangle of discontent. Discontent over what? A bargain? Or the British Government?

I stood still. My guide, too, stopped. We looked at each other and both of us understood.

“Lady, I die first!” he said solemnly—.

Sad, philosophical eyes told me that he meant it. He would have died first. So strangely enough came my Romantic Moment. There he stood, the only man who had ever offered to die for me and sincerely meant it; and the offer, gently made, was not after all made because he loved me, but, only because he held his life so cheap! Was it because instinct told me this that I blurted out the obvious?

I shook my head, “But—I don’t want to die second. . . . I don’t want to die at all!”

What an answer to Romance!

I did visit the Rangoon Bazaar, but not that day, —not with that gallant Oriental guide. I went with my American husband, who said, “AHH,—what’s the matter with you? What if they do kill you?” . . . And felt safer.

We decided that Frank should cross India alone. Mother and I with the children took a Bibby Line boat for Ceylon.

There was only one American couple on board. Francis felt this alienation of his nationality more

than we did, and he resented being called the "Little Yank."

One day the wife of the one American said, "My dear, do you realize what day it is?"

"No."

"It's Thanksgiving!"

We found the steward and begged him to serve at least a chicken dinner.

He served a special dinner and everyone rejoiced with us. But in the middle of the meal an English man said, "What a tremendous tiffin! You people in the States have this sort of meal the last of November?"

"No,—on the last Thursday."

"Really? The last Thursday?"

"Yes."

"But—this is Friday." It was Friday! India was another world. We had lost touch even with the calendar. . . .

We stayed weeks in Kandy, up in the mountains of Ceylon. At the Hotel were many British officers all wearing "shorts." I learned to admire immensely their cheerful determination to "carry on." They were only a handful of men among the hordes of India. But what a handful!

Frankly, I think theirs is a great work in India. A brave and noble work against fearful odds and accomplished without any sniffling demands on the

whole world's sympathy. Whenever I found them they had brought a little order out of chaos. I was sick to death of theories,—of vast inventions of religious, or theoretical minds that were created in another world (Europe and America were other worlds) and sent out as cure-alls to the East to solve a pressing human problem unimaginable to those who had not been there. Good ideas perhaps, but impractical because of the mentality, the disintegration, the sordid facts with which they had to deal. More power to the British Government, with its practical experience, its matter of fact work, its men! Who can show better results in the Orient? Who has learned more from the Orient? The Dutch? But is Java India?

Revolt was in the air, but revolt had been in the air for years and they had muddled through. . . .

Mother made a point of talking to all the Indians we came in contact with; both high and low, it was the same attitude everywhere.

In one shop full of jewels we stood listening to a turbaned tirade against the British. The middleclass shopkeeper felt that we, being Americans, would sympathize.

Mother said, "Then you would have Ghandi?"

But what had seemed an impressive dislike of Britain became a torrent of condemnation at this new suggestion. "What? I don't believe in weakness! Civil disobedience!"

“Let’s go,” I urged as he continued.

But Mother would not go.

“Then you would have another ruler?”

“Do look at these beautiful star sapphires!” I cried, trying to lure Mother into calmer channels of conversation. But she was not to be discouraged.

“Which ruler?” she persisted.

The fury subsided. He looked thoughtful.

“A Brahmin? A Cingalese?”

The excitement began again. He did not approve of Brahmins, or Cingalese, oh no,—according to him the British were impossible, the reactionaries worse, but the neighboring Nabobs were—!

I hate these passionate excitements in the East. I grabbed Mother firmly by the arm and dragged her from the shop before any local revolts were perpetrated. . . .

Some Americans sent out by a great scientific institute were staying at our hotel.

“What are you doing here?”

“Puncturing the native criminals with dope to see if they die,” one of these men answered.

Their work, they said, was to test hookworm remedies on the criminals who were condemned to death, (all the criminals seemed to have hookworm), to see just how much of the remedy the human system could stand. This in the name of science! Do I think they were cruel? No. . . . Only practical. And their point

of view not very different from that of the British, who after all, were intent upon seeing how much civilizing inoculation the native's political system could stand without revolt. . . .

Frank joined us and we went down the mountain to Colombo to board a ship for Marseilles. At the jetty with all the bags and trunks ready to dump into a junk bound for the steamer anchored out in the harbour, we were told: "If you go on board you can't come back again to shore."

"We don't want to come back. We are leaving."

"But the ship is in quarantine."

"Quarantine?"

"The cook dropped dead just now in the galley."

We went back to a hotel. News came next day that it was not the plague,—only heart trouble.

The Bibby Line is the successor to the old East India Company. Both experiences on this famous old line, from Rangoon to Colombo, and now from Colombo to Marseilles were strong appeals for the British in the Orient. For there we met them "going home." Most of them were less human beings than cases. India had got them. Sprue. Amoebic dysentery. Trench feet. Infections. Insanity. Big gaunt men with nurses. Puny, whimpering grey-white babies, with horror struck mothers. Men who had not seen a white woman for years. Lonely men. Broken men. Broken women. Cheerful men. Cheerful women. Ready to

go back and "carry on." Experienced and brave men and women. These were the British going home after their service in India!

There was a Mrs. White, daughter-in-law of a Lady White, in the cabin opposite Mother's. Her clothes were from the best Paris houses, but years out of date and she had a noticeable habit of hitching up her belt. She told us that her husband had deserted her on a lonely rubber plantation and since then she had not seen a white man or worn her Paris gowns for years. She had put on her husband's trousers and had made a plantation pay. She was taking her son home to leave him with the family to be educated. Then she was going back to India. What a strange combination of contradictions she was,—formal yet informal, old fashioned yet independent, feminine and masculine all at the same time. . . .

My mother still coughed. We had left Peking far behind, but Peking throat was not so easily lost. I urged Mother not to attempt the continent with us, but to go on to England. But she was longing for Italy. The two Adams aunts had died several years before and left her some money, and so gratitude as well as happy memories of Florence drew her to Italy. She wanted to see all the old landmarks and think of her quiet, peaceful years with those aunts. Did she, I wonder, wish that she had stayed with them in Italy, instead of going with an Oriental to Mil-

waukee? If she could have had that long round the world tour many years before she had visited those "wise old aunts," would she have suddenly broken away from their peace and security to burst into an astonished family in Chicago?

We spent Christmas in the Red Sea entering the Suez Canal. Mother told Francis the story of the Christ Child. Francis sat on the edge of her bunk in his pajamas and listened, and when she had finished she said, "Go to the port hole and look out at the sands."

The desert stretched away from the child in a vast emptiness.

"Right there,—far away across that land, the Christ Child was born," said Mother impressively.

"Right out there Granny?" Francis repeated doubtfully.

"Yes, dear, and He was the best man that ever lived,—the very best man that ever lived."

"The best man that ever lived?" Francis high-pitched voice rose higher.

"Yes dear."

Francis sighed, "Well, it's too bad He wasn't born in the United States, isn't it Granny?"

Francis had well expressed our feeling. We wished for home and we doubted anything of the very best coming out of unknown and to us empty worlds, and we pitied all those born in vast uncertain lands such as those through which we had recently traveled.

SEVERAL MONTHS LATER WHEN FRANK called me to see the Statue of Liberty as we entered New York harbor, on our return from that long trip around the world, I felt that I had been called to view a miracle. She stood moss-green in a grey, misty twilight with her arms flung upward, hand grasping her torch. I had seen a Brahman in India who had held his arm in just that position for so many years that the arm itself had withered. Both our Statue of Liberty and the Brahman symbolized two different worlds of thought. . . . But the miracle was that there she stood, our Statue of Liberty, a great, old, conventional moss-back of thought and in spite of a confused and chaotic world here I had come back again to love her as never before. . . .

Wherever we had traveled there had been rumblings of revolt. Six weeks in Italy during the winter of 1922 had not given us any too much confidence in a peaceful Europe and memories and impressions of that journey through the Orient stayed tormentingly alive in our minds.

Mother visited us in Washington for two months and then, sadly, almost as if she were tearing her heart

out, she departed for Japan. Poor Mother, it was she, perhaps more than I, who suffered from the "racial pulls," for with my father in Japan and myself in America she was torn indeed. When she was here in America, she said she longed for her husband in Japan and when she was there she wrote me grief stricken letters about her loneliness and her separation from our home over here.

Shortly after this, her second visit to us, we sold the brown bungalow in Takoma Park and moved to a house which we built in Chevy Chase. Chevy Chase was even more cosmopolitan than Takoma Park had been. It was full of people who were in the District to put across some theory or idea, members of dozens of different societies each held together under some banner of thought. There were so many of them and often the thought that held them was so trivial that it seemed that all one needed to start a movement was to acquire a catch phrase, or a little money for advertising matter, or should I say, propaganda. Frank and Duke called them the "who-so-ever-wills." They muttered and shouted many a holy prayer down there in Washington, to our Government, that usually gave them as much attention as would a horse's ear!

Life soon settled back into something very similar to what it had been before we circled the globe. Yet we were never the same. We had seen and heard things that had changed our viewpoint. We knew now,



MY ELDEST SON, THOUGH NOT UNLIKE ME, HAS NEVER BEEN A  
CITIZEN OF NOWHERE.



that jewel-saddled elephants and plumed Rajahs did not pass through the streets of India as often as elephantitus and hookworm. We realized that while China had given the world a great art, her art was of a past civilization, like the days of Greece and Rome, and that now China was hungry. And to us, Japan was no longer "cute," or even "quaint," but a power in the Far East, perhaps not a dangerous one, but never-the-less a power.

Greeting our Washington friends on our return I had experienced the same Rip Van Winkle feeling that I had had when I had returned to Chicago in 1915, but there I had had to leave the old friends to journey south, but this time I had not only stayed with them, but we had built a home and, as I fondly hoped, settled at last.

My son Richard Adams Eldridge was born in our Chevy Chase house on his father's birthday, May 1923.

Although our Washington friends still arrived and departed we ourselves had now begun to feel like old residents, for compared to that shifting world we were so. Had we not had a home in the city for five years?

In fact, never before had I felt such delusions of a rooted security as I did that year after Dick's birth. Day followed day without the tremor of a change,—nothing seemed to indicate the slightest disturbance of my happily dull and calm existence. . . .

'Then, one Sunday afternoon a long jingle and clang on our telephone rang out the prediction of new and fatal changes.

Frank answered it and when he returned to our living room, where several friends were gathered, he said, "Hearst's man has just asked me to write an article about earthquakes in Japan. . . ."

"Earthquakes?"

"I'm afraid there has been a big one over there."

But even this did not seriously alarm us, for earthquakes had been common enough in Japan and we were confirmed believers in newspaper exaggeration, so we all settled back to light our cigarettes and cigars and to enjoy a secure and peaceful afternoon. . . .

But next morning when we opened our newspapers the earthquake headlines were in the largest type I have ever seen! Enormous letters spelled out the news of that stupendous and tragic disaster that had occurred on the other side of the world.

September first 1923! A date that will never be forgotten in Japan, a date that will always plead a world-wide pity for the poor victims of the great earthquake that occurred there!

This tremendous cataclysm not only destroyed the lives and homes of thousands in Japan itself, but changed the destinies of almost all those who had even the remotest connections over there, however far they were scattered over the world. It shook us out of our

smugness of mind, scattered our peace, demolished our illusions of security, but it brought Mother back to America for which at the time we were grateful.

But it had shaken Mother, too; it had shaken her spirit, her faith, her profoundest ability to "flair." And her presence in our household forced us to face facts that might otherwise have been buried in our everyday, busy lives. . . .

The following two letters speak for themselves,—the first was written by my mother and tells of her terrible experience,—the second was from Countess Mutsu, an English woman whose marriage to a noble of Japan and whose close association at court enhances the value of her picture of the reconstruction period immediately following the disaster.

### Letter written by Mother after the Quake.

My dear Friend, I'm sure that you are wondering what has happened to me in all this horrible destruction and devastation through which we have passed. I can only say that we have suffered much, and that I have seen and now understand all the cruelties, tortures and *injustices* which can well be heaped upon poor humanity, and I'm not speaking without serious thought; only those who have suffered and seen can comprehend. I'm not groaning about my own misfortunes but about the misery and suffering of the hundreds of thousands of my poor fellow beings and the homeless millions. The terrible cruelty of it all! The defenseless people, the torn, tortured dying

and the burnt dead. It was a sight that one can never understand or forget.

To give you an outline of what happened personally to me, and let me say that my distress is comparatively much less unfortunate than many another.

I was calmly sitting in my lovely home, which we had only bought last May, the sliding walls all opened to the garden as the day was exceptionally hot. I was busy in good work making a hat for a dear American woman, a missionary, who neglected her hats, in the enthusiasm for her work, in a most disgraceful way and I thought her head adornments reflected sadly upon our sisterhood generally in the eyes of the Japanese. It was a very nice hat and I thought how pleased she would be, as I put it down on my little table beside me, finished satisfactorily. My little maid appeared and announced tiffin; it was exactly 12 o'clock. I rose from my chair and just at that moment, without a warning of any kind, the house seemed to fairly *bounce* up, as though an explosion had occurred directly under it. I was thrown or rather hurled across the room, and I saw the house twist and shatter like jack-straws and come down on top of me. I also had a vision of my little maid as she doubled up like a letter S in her little kimono under the wreckage. I wasn't stunned, my head was vividly clear, I could see the splintered wood and the grain and the knots in it. Of course I knew what had happened. I found that a foot square beam which had fallen across my shoulders held me pinned down. I made a tremendous effort to extricate myself but could not, so lay quiet and thought very long thoughts—of my dear husband in Yokohama, my dear ones, of you and my many dear friends, was thankful for the friendships and love

which had been mine, then I composed my soul and asked my Creator to accept me. Death held no fears and I only hoped that my loved ones would not hear just how I went, for such a death seems tragic but it is not; so quick and soon over. The house was a quivering mass of timber and tiles on top of me and each moment I expected it to settle down on me. I called out to my maids, but got no reply.

After a while I heard the crackling of fire and realized that probably death would come in a different form, that we three must burn to death. I prayed that we should smother before we felt the agony of roasting; my thoughts were many, very clear. I thought of the many who were probably pinned under their houses and were also meeting death by fire, among them my neighbor who had four little ones and a new born baby, five days old, and her four maid servants; not a man about the place. I moved my legs and felt that they were free, which gave me courage to try once more to get out and perhaps get help. I calculated that if I turned over on my stomach I could crawl out. So once more I prayed for strength, gathered every nerve, the perspiration ran like rain from my entire body, but I turned. The pain was frightful, I felt the bones of my shoulders grate together and knew that they were broken, the blood streamed from a cut in my head and my back was so painful; nevertheless I braced my feet against the wreckage and pushed, wiggled and wormed my way out from under the shaking mass. I found myself on the tiled roof of the house which had slipped down into the garden. I could not stand as another shock was on; I slid down the roof into the garden and staggered across the lawn and clung to a tree, winding my arms and legs, as my arms were almost use-

less, around the tree. This tree and I swayed together. I looked around; there was not a house standing and not a soul to be seen but myself. The thought came to me that this is like Judgment day. The earth opened in great fissures, some places it dropped and in others it heaved and piled up. I expected that my tree and myself would be swallowed any minute. The wind was a hurricane driving the fire directly towards me. I saw the trees twist like living things, cracking and writhing in the fire. It was a fearsome sight.

As soon as the shaking of the ground would allow, I crossed the lawn as best I could and once more called to my maids; without avail, so I concluded that they were either unconscious or dead. I climbed over a broken bamboo fence and over the roof of my neighbor's house and slid down into their garden. Here I found my little friend lying on the grass with bleeding wounds and a broken hip. Two maids who were at work in the gorden, one with bleeding head and the other with a broken wrist. We told the maid to go for help, the other drew water from the well with which to wash our wounds. The water was muddy and very dirty, but we used it. I tore my petticoat for bandages. The maid returned with two men, who asked the mother just where the children were. They quickly attacked the roof and worked like mad, making a hole through which they crawled. They rescued first the grandmother, then two little boys, and the wee baby. Then two maids and a little girl of three years. The poor grandmother was badly hurt, the others with but minor injuries. But the little daughter of five years, a dear little thing, could not be reached. The fire was coming rapidly and the men and the maids rescued what they could from

the wreck in the way of blankets and covers as we knew that we would have to be in the hills that night. We had to give up efforts at rescuing the little one. The men carried away out of danger the women and children. I then ran out in the road to find help for my maids, but saw only one man; I begged him to come, but he said it was too late and he had to see to his own. He tried to draw me with him, but I broke away and ran once more toward the fire. I met three lads, about sixteen, seventeen and one of about fourteen years old, they had a young girl, the sister of one, by the hand, running, escaping from the fire. I implored them to help me, they responded at once, and we ran back to my house. These dear boys were *fine!* The heat was awful, the smoke chokingly bitter, but they never gave in. We battered a hole in the roof, I worked with my feet, until we had a hole in the roof big enough to let the small boy in. This was particularly brave as the house was swaying and very dangerous. He dragged out both the maids, one with her ear torn almost from her head, and the other with a broken arm.

The boys made us put our arms around their necks and their arm about our waists and we *ran*. As we passed the house next to me a sick man staggered out and told us there were three pinned under the fallen house and begged us to help. But we dared not as the fire was almost upon us. We ran first one way and then the other, scrambling over the wreckage, dying people, misery and torture in all its aspects, the earth shaking and the fire fiercely hot choking and blinding us.

I finally collected my senses and called a halt, made as calm and sensible a survey of the situation as I could. I saw that there was a dell or opening in the hills where

the smoke went past. We made our painful way there and finally found ourselves safe from fire. In this place came also my little neighbor, the children, the maids, and the two men. And here we all remained during a night of fairly HELL, nothing else can describe it. All of us suffering pain, the children crying, the violent earth shocks, the hills rolling down, the sky a lurid flare of fire. The great naval fortress within a few miles of us blazed and exploded, the detonations were terrific as hundreds of tons of ammunition, fortified hills and mines blew up, tons of oil and gun-powder. It was quite beyond words and you couldn't imagine it.

The chief of police, the mayor and in fact everyone did noble work, organizing to fight the fire and rescue the poor victims. They worked like Trojans, they were intelligent and prompt, but the whole thing was beyond human power. Poor people; it was all so cruel! Men, women and children so helpless in the merciless grip of nature. They were so speechless, no groans, no cries, but the horrible look of helpless agony in their eycs, just poor tortured victims.

Along in the evening we were served balls of boiled rice—we none of us had had any food since breakfast. We remained in our little valley until dawn, then held a consultation. My maids were anxious to go to their people in Yokohama, and the boys to Tokyo, to see if their people were alive or not. I gave them what money I could and let them go. Poor things, I discovered afterward that the roads were almost impassable, broken bridges, fallen tunnels, roads piled with wreckage and landslides; I wonder what was their fate.

A shelter was made for the women and children be-

tween the trees under which they all huddled. The shocks never ceasing, among the trees was the safest place. I didn't know what to do, I thought I would try to walk to Yokohama, about fifteen miles, and search for my husband. I put a wet rag on my broken head and started out, but I found that my broken shoulders and rib were most painful when I walked. The heat of the sun on my hatless head made me ill and dizzy. I concluded it was hopeless. I finally determined to make my way across the burnt and devastated town to the shore, to the house of my friends, Count and Countess Mutsu. I bravely started out, and such pitiful sights as I saw, the poor burnt bones, the memory of it gives me a very keen desire to get away, to become extinct.

I had frequently to sit on a fallen stone and rest, I was too stunned to cry. I looked and wondered—why?—O why? and I am wondering yet, I am afraid I shall never understand.

When at last I came to the end of my painful journey I found my dear friends in the garden, their house shattered, nothing left. The family and the servants, six, nine people in all were camping in the grounds. A camp even had been improvised with stones, and a pot of rice was boiling. Countess was in her bathing suit. The wells were very dirty and the water was scarce. Count warned me that he had been asked to leave his place as another tidal wave was expected, but as he is in very delicate health he was not able to go to the hills and his wife and servants were going to stay with him. He said they would be very glad to have me with them but that I should know what to expect. I thought that being taken by the sea was bet-

ter than being burned or lying out alone in the hills, so I stayed.

We lay on the ground that night between trees, the shocks and quivering of the earth were terrifying. We were glad to see the sunrise, as terrors are so much more fearsome in the dark.

The following night we were threatened by an uprising of Koreans; there were about one hundred and fifty of them who had been employed cutting a road through the hills just beyond the town, very primitive people who had been fed "Red" doctrines and thought the opportunity to try it on was a good one. The chief of police acted very wisely. He appealed to their better nature, their citizenship, telling them he would give them work and pay them. He had no other recourse as there were no jails and very few police left. He had the indignant men of Kamakura also to handle; I must say that he was very sensible. The different associations and clubs of Kamakura were all organized for service, every man, gentleman and laborer worked side by side. The Young Mens Association acted so fine and splendid, in fact it was marvelous the way the whole situation was met, everyone putting aside their own sorrow and troubles for the sake of helping.

The next night we were visited by a typhoon and about ten of us huddled into a small hot-house, 12 x 6 ft., three walls and a glass roof, just a shelter for Count's special flowers. It was a very fearsome night, so wild and dark. Again we were thankful for daylight with the hot sun; we were soon dried out.

Count Mutsu had procured a tent from his carpenter, and from a wrecked but unburned house, mats were res-

cued. We thought we were wonderfully blessed as so many had no shelter whatever. The following night brought its excitements in the way of a battle on the beach between some of the young men who were patrolling and a party of pirates who landed, with three wicked looking, good sized junks fitted up with oil engines. They were discovered and a fight ensued with deadly results. One boat got off with some of the pirates and two were captured. A prize worth while, as the tidal wave had taken every boat carried away as well as about one hundred people. The morning saw Countess and I down on the beach inspecting the scene of battle and the pirate boats. They were ugly looking junks, the picture they made on the deserted beach strewn with wreckage, was a very strange wild one. The whole place looked so very primeval, wild and desolate.

All this time we were getting short of food, all means of communication cut off. The capture of the two boats was rejoiced over.

During all this time I heard nothing of my husband and as the terrible accounts from Yokohama began coming to us, I gave up hope. I could only hope that he did not or was not suffering.

About the fifth day came a messenger from the Imperial Foreign Office from Tokyo, to see if Count M. was safe. He had taken two days to walk from Tokyo, and the tales he had to tell about Yokohama were most terrible and very discouraging, taking away any little hope that I had in regard to my husband's safety,—hundreds of thousands killed.

I asked this gentleman to carry a message to the U. S. Embassy people if any of them were left, as I knew that

they would know the extent of the disaster. The gentleman told us that the Embassy was destroyed, but the Ambassador was safe. I scrawled a message as well as I could on a bit of paper which he gave me from his note book. We had nothing in the way of paper or pen. (This cable reached Frank on the twelfth, the earthquake was on the first.) Of course there was no post, no stamps, no medical supplies, everything burned up. Can you imagine our condition? Countess and I went about gathering paper, any piece flying about was a prize. We used fig leaves for plates from which to eat our rice. We had also tea, and when we found figs on the trees we were happy. My friend is literary and poetical, a wonderful scholar. She seemed not to realize our condition, she made beautiful and apt quotations on all occasions and distressing circumstances, the sea, the stars, the flowers were inspirations for poetical thought. She was so charming, and so self-effacing, walking serenely about in her bathing suit. You can't vision what an absurd pair we were. I had on a dirty, bloody, torn summer dress, my underwear had gone for bandages, my stockings had left me, torn to threads in my escape from under my house. My summer silk dress in a terrible condition, torn, bloody and dirty, my arms almost useless, my head tied up, one side of my face scraped raw, my whole body from neck to my waist was a mass of bruises, our hair uncombed, our clothes, what little we had, on day and night, the mental agony was beyond words for me, as each day more terrible accounts came through from Yokohama, I began to dispair about poor Sanzo, but could say nothing as everyone was in such trouble and they bore it all so quietly, so stoically.

On the eighth day most unexpectedly my husband ar-

rived, my dear husband, ragged, dirty and lame. He had been hurt, lying out in the open with thousands of homeless ones on the Yokohama race track. Poor man! I felt so sorry for him. He started off for Kobe in the hope that he could cable from there to his firm. As it meant a walk of fifty miles through the devastated district before a train could be reached, it was impossible that I could go with him. It was arranged that I should stay with Count M. until he either sent or came for me. This is the last I saw of my husband.

About the 14th the British Embassy sent down a man, Captain Nevill, with orders to have me taken to an hospital in Kobe and as soon as I was fit to send me on to America. After consulting with the Count, we decided that it was the only thing to do. So off we started. By this time the army had constructed a single track as far as Kamakura, as all the relief anchored in Yokohama harbor was of no avail until means of transportation into the wrecked districts could be established. One train a day loaded with food and medical supplies was the schedule, and on its return journey to Yokohama we went off. The Countess and Yochan came to the erstwhile station and bid us a pleasant (?) journey. It was a very dirty and sad trip, Captain N. made a seat for me on the flat car with his ricksack. It was a very slow journey. Through homeless suffering miserable pitiful sights. Such Destruction.

When we arrived at Yokohama we found no city, just rubbish, twisted wires, flies and smells, the soldiers digging out the dead, piling them together, preparing them for cremation by pouring oil over each pile. A long sad procession of refugees, men, women and children be-

wildered, miserable and dazed, many on stretchers and others carried on the backs.

We made our way over to the Bund, to the grounds of the British Consulate, nothing but ruins and ashes remained. Here we were informed that there were no boats going to Kobe, but after much discussion it was found that a timber freighter from Vancouver was to leave that evening. There several of the Englishmen who were on the relief committee who wanted to get to Kobe, so we all got into a launch and sailed out to the ship which was anchored far out beyond the breakwater. We were taken on board, very much against the Captain's desire as he said he had no accommodation for passengers. I was, of course, the only woman on board, but I knew all the men, some of whom had suffered much losing their dear ones and all they had possessed,—We were a sad crowd.

*19, Fujimicho Gochome*

*October 7th, 1923.*

*My dear friend,*

At last I start in to communicate with you, since this machine was fished out of the ruins and sent on to me a week ago I have been hard at it answering letters of "omimai," and also letting my relatives know that we are still in existence—a fact they must have been rather in doubt about! However I don't suppose their suspense has been productive of any severe convulsions of anguish, when anyone has been away as long as we have—we left London the last time over thirteen years ago, in 1910—they become so remote and misty as to be practically non-existent, and whether they are denizens of this world or the next amounts to the same thing. But at any rate I wrote pages

of lurid description of what happened, and those events certainly were well adapted to dramatic copy—in fact I don't see how anyone could exaggerate those appalling facts!! I have just been reading the account of a Yokohama man who was in his office on the second floor, and he gave just the same aspect of it that you did,—he was sitting at his desk writing, when suddenly a fearful crash, and his chair and himself flew up into the air! He managed to get to the door, pitched head first down the stairs (the only possible way for anyone to descend, no time for grace and elegance) and then fell into an enormous crack in the asphalt sidewalk, eventually escaping by a motor boat!

But before rambling off on side-tracks I must tell you that about a fortnight after your departure a postcard came to us from Fuji [my mother's maid] and the poor little creature, to say that they had safely reached their destinations on that day, and were quite all right, Peggy [our dog] included. So you need not have any apprehensions on that score, I thought they would be all right—they had money and everyone is always so kind on that sort of occasions. I wonder what poor Peggy thought of it all!! As you have no doubt heard, Mr. Sanzo (my father) came to us on the twenty-ninth of September—after we had left—but my husband was there and told him of all that had transpired to you. He has been fearfully busy all the time, just after you left my husband saw in the paper of the great activity of the silk market—they had just got off over a million Yen of raw silk to America in those early days. I was glad to hear he was going to stay on in Yokohama, and hope after a bit, when you have got all mended up and the horrors forgotten, you will come sailing back and get installed in a nice little foreign bungalow,

with a strong light roof—it seems to me at these times it is the heavy tile roofs that cause most of the trouble—I noticed here in Tokyo that everywhere it was the tiles that suffered, and the light slates escaped unscathed. The architect of our house came, and he told me they are using an artificial slate now that is wonderful, so light and strong; so I hope we shall use them for our new abode.

However, when it will get started heaven only knows, it is such a difficult matter to get any workmen to do anything at all—everyone wants them at once. What a long time it seems since the man came and carted you off so effectively, yet it is not a month—I believe the morning of your exodus was Friday the fourteenth. I was indeed glad to receive the letter you wrote on the Abraham Lincoln, and to hear all that has befallen you—it was forwarded on to me here (by hand) and I received it Oct. 2nd. I also received a few days ago a letter from Mr. Surplice in Kobe with an account of your adventures, and also enclosing one of your husband, so I sent him a little note to Box 45, enclosing all three epistles—I haven't heard yet if he got them all right, but no doubt he would fetch them sometime.

My husband said he seemed quite well and flourishing, so I don't think you need worry about him; but it was really maddening you had to start without seeing him again, especially as you were so near! Y. and I stayed in Kamakura until the twenty-third; the train was frightfully congested, but thanks to kind people I got a seat all the way. After you left we had some horrible weather, including two typhoons, one being the one you ran into on the lumber freighter—you can imagine the pleasant nights we put in, tent leaking like a fishing-net, curled up under

umbrellas!! Moreover no agreeable narratives of Hokkaido to while away the weary hours, Y. moved into your bed and there was no keeping him awake! I found an account in the guide book of those delightful places you described—the part full of lakes and islands was Onuma Park 17 miles from Hakodate, how I should love to go and see it! When we returned the trains had been changed to the ordinary ones, but all had to change at Ofuna; that meant the contents of one very crowded train disgorging itself, and by sheer force wedging itself into another that was quite full to overflowing before it reached the station!! However, I hear that now they are mercifully going direct, as usual, and the electric car to Yokohama is opening again this week, so that will relieve the congestion.

We found poor Tokyo a charred ghost of its former self, and it was indeed sad to see all the landmarks gone, and all those fine buildings wiped out. But, as the negro pastor observed to his flock, "The world do move"—I don't mean from a seismic point of view, although that would be also true; we haven't got back to normal yet, but after such a terrific upheaval one could hardly expect matters to cool down in a few minutes! I mean the extraordinary activity that is going on everywhere—clearing away the mountains of débris, and temporary houses and stores going up like mushrooms all over the place! I see in a few days ten thousand restored stores will have been opened in barrack quarters, everyone seems working and achieving results with great effect. The Japanese are a really wonderful nation, they are so extraordinarily courageous and indomitable! The way they have met this hideous calamity is more than wonderful—if it had happened elsewhere everyone would have gone about looking

like concentrated essences of stomach-ache, each individual trying to impress on everyone else that his was the worst case of hardship on record! But here I have never heard one single complaint, everyone seems to rise superior to the onslaughts of Fate, and to greet the unseen with a cheer—no growling or calamity-howling, but just smiles and calm placidity and determination to win out at any price. What a gorgeous and enviable spirit. I only wish I had been endowed with some of it—wasn't it the old Emperor Wilhelm, grandfather of the man in Holland, whose maxim it was "Learn to suffer without complaint"—here it seems to be everyone's motto, and what a splendid one it is.

I was so interested in your adventures after leaving us, but was indeed sorry to hear your right arm was in such a bad state—how very trying and tiresome it must be for you. But I hope when you get there you can have it put right as soon as possible, with as little trouble and suffering as merciful present-day methods of surgery admit of. I expect as I write you must be nearly approaching San Francisco. I do trust the long rest on the boat will have made you feel better, and you will be able to have a nice easy journey across the continent; it must be so horrid to travel in that incapacitated condition. I am sure the aspect of poor devastated Yokohama must have given you a painful shock; I never could have imagined such a dreadful sight, it was like a page of Dante's Inferno; however much one hears about those horrors it is never like seeing it—such a catastrophe is far beyond words. It was so dreadful to think of victims being trapped and roasted because there were no streets to escape in, all being filled

up with fallen buildings! Could any fate be more relentless!

By the way I see the naval surveying boats have been investigating the scene of the explosion, and find the center of the trouble was eighteen miles north of Oshima in Sagami Bay. I suppose a great vacuum had been caused in the subterranean world by the continuous activities of that horrid volcano in Oshima; it, with Stromboli, is the most active volcano in the world, and never rests—you can always see the great white feathery plumes of smoke that I used to admire, a sentiment that has changed!! Hence the fearful landslide that caused all the trouble. They find a huge area of subsidence in the ocean bed, it has gone down fifty fathoms, which I suppose is 300 ft.; the water causing the terrible explosion whose hissing jets were so clearly heard when I crouched on the lid of that infernal cauldron, and saw the mountains riven in twain! Never shall I forget that blood-curdling spectacle!!

By the way the splendid help America sent so promptly to poor Japan has been so wonderfully appreciated, it was a noble and most generous gift, worthy of great hearted America—everything just what was so sorely needed; these acts of kindness and charity are like lovely flowers blossoming around a charnel house, and that is just what poor Yokohama was—a ghost-city of charred ruins and the dead! It is lovely to see the papers with such glowing accounts of America's kindness and generosity; it will never be forgotten and surely will clear away many misunderstandings. It is really awful to think of the billions and billions of money just fooled away in a second, the repair of the waterworks alone will take 10,000,000, and what the bill for all the damage will amount to seems

just beyond arithmetic to compute! Both of us can add our drops to the ocean—to pull down the relics and rebuild our Kamakura house will cost almost as much as to build a new one.

One very nerve-shattering feature of Tokyo is the way the sappers are blowing up the standing ruins with dynamite, the noise of the explosions is quite incredible and seems to almost blow our little dwelling up into the air, fearful clashing of windows, etc.—but not one has been broken by the concussion as yet. I am hoping fondly they won't blow up the poor Yushukan—the huge red brick Military Museum close to us; it is the most melancholy ruin, but most of the walls are standing—if they do, and they most probably will, they never could do it all by any other method—why we shall probably be shot up to heaven with it!

The army engineers are doing really wonderful work. They are toiling all day long at the hardest work, repairing bridges, roads, railway lines and indeed all means of communication in the most cheerful manner. I see they are going to reconstruct the high road to Hakone, which has disappeared entirely, from Yumoto to Gotemba, via Miyanoshita, Hokone Lake, etc. in forty-two days! All that region seems to have suffered appallingly, with such terrible landslides. You remember the lovely house belonging to Furukawa that we stayed a fortnight in Sept. of last year—between Miyanoshita and Miyagino—a dream of beauty, with two lovely waterfalls meeting in the garden and rushing down over the rocks actually through the house, bridged over—well the whole place had gone, and is just a scene of lamentable ruin and desolation! The Princess Higashi-Fushimi and Prince Kunihide

were staying in that house all through this August, but mercifully had left for some place in the neighborhood a few days before the fatal first! If they had stayed on, as well they might, their fate would have been dreadful, for the earthquake happened just at the time when everyone was at home in anticipation of the midday meal, two minutes before twelve o'clock. At those times nothing is more dreadful than to be perched on a mountain-side; I am an eye-witness of what may be expected!! Before I returned to Tokyo, one calm blue afternoon I walked along the beach to the end on the eastern side, past the relics of the Mollison houses; it has changed so entirely, and looks so unfamiliar it seems to be some quite different place—all the road to Kotsubo has gone, just perpendicular walls of rock. It does seem wonderful, quite bewilderingly so, that all the natural features of a place can be so utterly changed in one second—Nature is certainly a quick worker; if all those bulwarks of rock had been hewn away by human hands, how long would it have taken!

As you may well imagine, I miss the garden and the sea (in spite of its cruelty!) frightfully; how entirely I seem to be cut off from Kamakura nowadays. It will be so delightful when we can get the new house built,—at present there is nowhere but the garden to sojourn in, but I hear from Otosan that he has been able at last to buy a consignment of corrugated iron to roof over the tent house, and now the trouble is to have it put up! He has settled in for the winter in the tiny gardener's house by the back garden gate; it has been restored to the perpendicular, lined with nice scented wood and made habitable again—but there are only two rooms, one of six mats, which accommodates all the servants, and the other of

four and a half, in which he is installed, just big enough to turn round in!!

By the way I hope I have got your address all right, stupidly I sent all the letters to your husband without copying it down—but trust it will reach you all right. I should like to have seen you all rigged up in someone's ancient garments. I wonder what style of thing they were—I hope warm, at any rate, it must have been pretty cold on the sea! I hope you found the Takata green coat useful; what an extraordinarily kind man he was. He seemed to glow with pleasure at being able to bring you those specimens of attire! What a delight it must be to you to be amongst your nearest ones again after all your adventures; if only you had managed to get captured by pirates on your voyage in the lumber boat, why you might quite have got yourself published as a boy's book of thrilling adventures—certainly you didn't leave many stones unturned in the way of thrills!! Especially if you had got shipwrecked on the way home, and saved by escaping on the back of a friendly whale—. I am sure you must have many a tale to unfold to little Francis, and must be as good as a whole circulating library.

What a mistake it has been to use so many red-brick buildings and walls in Tokyo—they have all suffered terribly; as to the poor British Embassy, all the buildings of which seem to have been constructed of nothing else, why it is in a most deplorable condition. It is so sad to see all the beautiful trees burnt and scorched beyond recognition—they look so weird and spectre-like amongst the ruins—those miles and miles of melancholy ruins, you can have no idea how sad and depressing it is just to wander about the city that was and is not—a labyrinth of past glory and

present horror, and entirely typical of the futility of earthly hopes and plans—as the moralists might point out. In fact a friend of ours firmly believes all this hideous catastrophe was sent straight from above to teach us the impotence of attaching any value to the things of earth, and to fix our errant eyes upon the mansions incorruptible. But I should say many poor victims must possess opposite views and attribute such a merciless and death-dealing calamity to the lower regions, in more senses than one! If it was sent to punish the wicked man, why, why wasn't the vengeance confined to the bad eggs—where is the justice of visiting such unspeakable horrors on the unprotected heads of perfectly blameless and estimable specimens of the human race, like ourselves for instance! (ahem!) But I suppose some people have different views of the sterling nature of our characters—Thackeray says—isn't it in the "Newcomes"—how utterly horrified and aghast we should be if only we knew the private opinion our dearest friends held of us!!

We found our little home here a good deal battered about by that frightful jolting; how on Earth it managed to keep from collapsing is indeed a marvel! It is full of large cracks and holes in the plaster, the "marble" dado of the bath-room is just composed of huge rents and apertures you could creep through, most of the windows were broken and as for the tiles—words fail me to describe their condition of chaos!! The stone wall, holding us up from the garden below, had fallen down, and the house was leaning at a very dangerous angle, but mercifully the masons soon were induced to come and restore it. We also ensnared a carpenter to come and mend all the windows; the frames had all got bent and twisted, so none of

them would open or shut properly, and none would lock, so you can imagine how aggravating it was! The tile man has repaired some of the worst leaks in a temporary manner, and we are hoping he will soon come and do the rest, but the matter seems inclined to rest at those cheap luxuries! The night after our return we indulged in another typhoon; the rain was just a cloudburst, and the wind indeed terrifying, but this gallant little dwelling stood it manfully. I expect it didn't see the force of collapsing in a mere typhoon after resisting those frightful convulsions of nature with such marked success! The rain poured through the damaged roof in gay streams; Y. was awakened by a regular cascade flowing down into his ear, so we pulled our beds into a dry corner and placed buckets under the danger-spots. We are becoming quite used to these little nocturnal excitements, and to looking upon an umbrella as a customary sleeping partner! How staid and respectable and far away from all these funny little variations you must feel in that big city of Washington,—“autre pays, autre moeurs” with a vengeance! Can you picture yourself strolling up to your respectable couch armed with a large umbrella!!

I often think with the liveliest regret of all the lovely things that went up in smoke with your poor house, especially the two delightful wool coats you composed with such success last winter—it is enough to make one gnash one's teeth and foam at the mouth just to think of the hideous waste of it all!

We have been having some lovely blue and gold still weather; how delightful if we could have a saunter on the beach, as of yore. Why can't we wake up and find it was all a horrible nightmare—“the dream of a soul in Hell”

## HOLY PRAYERS IN A HORSE'S EAR

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as Rider Haggard would say! Ah me, when shall we go and repose on our sea weed beach-throne again; some day, I hope.

Well, dear friend, I feel the end of my paper is impending, so must come to an end—and not prematurely, you will remark!

I am sure I need not tell you I miss you, and hope you will come back, or how often I am thinking of you!

*Fond love,  
Isolde.*

MY MOTHER NEVER SAW MY FATHER again. Their meeting which she describes in her letter was their last.

I said that her presence in our household made us face facts that might otherwise have been buried in our busy lives. When she came to us in 1923 after the earthquake she brought Japan with her. But she could not help bringing with her the tragedy of all that had occurred there and her own personal sorrow and so she renewed my own mental confusion regarding my ancestry without meaning to do so. In fact, her intention was just the opposite, to make me forget my Japanese.

Mother's attitude about me was different from every other I had ever encountered. Her expressed position was that there was no problem and I was very ordinary. Too ordinary, in fact, for all the advantages I had had. By 1923 I had practically solved my Japanese problem for I had many friends and a full life. But mother returned with the whole thing fresh in her mind and in her determination to ignore it she once more aroused my feelings of insecurity. She told me over and over again that there was no problem. Now if one says, "There is no problem," "There is no

problem," often enough there are two problems: the one that is being denied and the one of the person who does the denying.

Our baby Patricia was born in Washington in September 1924. With four children, a husband and a home in America, surely, I was racially settled!

Soon after the baby's birth Frank came home and announced, "I'm Registrar of the China Trade Act."

"What does it mean?"

"It means a few months in China. . . ."

"But Frank. . . ."

"Only a few months and I'll be home again."

This time there was no thought of my going with him. Four babies and a nerve-wracked mother were not to be taken to China! More Peking throat, more fights with coolies,—oh no! Besides, the expense of moving a family of seven around the world was not lightly to be undertaken. I say seven. Mother's trips to America previously had been financed by the Corticelli as she came home to report on the silk market, just as many men do who are foreign agents for various companies who have offices in the Far East, but now that she had resigned from active service with my father's work such trips were no longer possible.

Within a few weeks Frank sailed and I was left with the problems,—four small children, one a baby barely three months old,—my mother who said she adored Japan and longed to go there, but couldn't seem to

make up her mind to go,—and my own insecurity, for my husband had been my solution and my security in an otherwise shifting world.

What with my parents' international marriage, this great earthquake which had thrown my mother back into our midst and my revivified remembrances of the Far East, I became more and more uncertain of life and destiny. . . .

After a baffling seven months for me, Frank returned. When he got back, I put my foot firmly down, "Never, never under any circumstances whatever are you to leave the family again."

Frank, whose chief characteristic is a pleasant agreeableness, answered, "I never, never will."

But within a year he was once more on the high seas making a third trip around the world. My husband's constant touring of the globe was not conducive to any further confidence in fate or the securities of destiny.

All this should have thrown Mother and me together but instead, living side by side, sharing certain responsibilities, dish-washing, baby-tending and friends, we grew farther and farther apart. As her spiritual remoteness from me increased she drew closer to my husband. She found him more and more a comfort.

Frank's plans were to live in New York after this, his third trip around the world, and so I sold our home

in Chevy Chase and moved the family to New York during his second absence. We took a house in New Rochelle where the children could have the freedom of a green lawn and attend school without encountering the dangers of New York streets.

I being the only conventional one in the family, the responsibilities of the children and the other family burdens always fell on me. These were a perpetual anxiety to me, for I constantly feared further extraordinary adventures. . . .

In New York we found many old Japan friends, among them my dear school mates, Connie and Milly. Karin is still in Sweden. And here in this new sea of cosmopolitanism we formed our own little group of ex-Japanites. But soon I was part of other circles, too, since ex-Chicago-ites, ex-Southerners, ex-travelers and the roving consuls and cruising Trade Commissioners and attachés seemed to land in New York even before they reached Washington.

Mother told the story of the earthquake over and over again, always ending with the assurance that life had separated her from her dearly loved husband, because she could not weather another winter in Japan.

"I know if I return, it will mean my death," she insisted to everyone. She had had pneumonia twice, once in Japan and once in Italy on our family trip around the world and she felt sure a third case would prove

fatal especially since she had never really stopped coughing after her attack of Peking throat.

My closest friend in New Rochelle was Mrs. Darling. Mrs. Darling was a seeker after factual truths. She asked me, "Why doesn't your Mother return to Japan if she so dislikes to live in America?" "Why is she afraid of pneumonia, which is a germ disease and can be contracted anywhere, why especially in Japan?" "Why does she repeat that you cannot live without her when you have lived without her?" "Why does she make us all feel that we must not discuss her marriage with her?" "Why is she always so pleased when she is mistaken for Frank's mother instead of yours?" "Why does she say that she has the best husband in the world and not go to him in his old age?"

It interested me. Many times I ventured a timid question or suggestion.

"Nothing could have made me marry a foreigner," I would remark to my mother while we sewed or chatted over meals together. "I've often wondered why you and Frank did. I've decided you are both adventurers."

"Nonsense!" she bristled, shutting her mouth in a disapproving line, "Nonsense!"

"But Mother. . . ."

"Your father is the best man that ever lived," she would say, seeing that the word, nonsense, was hardly a reasonable answer. "Look at the divorce courts over

here. Your father and I have been married nearly forty years and no couple get along better than we do."

I hadn't the courage to say that most people could "get along" with an ocean as large as the Pacific between them, so I said, "Then you never really regretted your marriage?"

"Never." And her back would stiffen—oh, how her back would stiffen! She froze us both into silence. A silence which no words could penetrate.

Did she, or did she not regret her marriage? We have only her words and her actions for answer and they are paradoxical. Trying to understand Mother was like playing with one of those double headed dolls; both ends have heads, both different, sometimes it's a black doll with a white dress and sometimes it's a white doll with a black dress, but there are no feet for standing on. She said she loved Japan, but she lived by choice in America. She said her husband was the best husband in the whole world and yet she left him alone in Japan after an unforgettable calamity—the great earthquake. She said she loved my father and me and yet she depended upon Frank. And although she loved and depended upon Frank, she denounced American husbands, and insisted that Japanese husbands were better. This she insisted upon, yet she would never even remotely have considered letting her daughter marry a Japanese. In fact the advan-

tages of a Japanese husband had never been mentioned when I was at the marriageable age!

She had ventured in her youth on a strange inter-racial marriage, how strange, I'm sure she never realized until her first six months in Japan, but she had assumed triumph and there is no doubt but that triumphantly she carried it through. I was her great problem and with sincerest sorrow I must reluctantly add that she became mine. For weird and sad as it may be, it was Mother's courage, her brave spirit and her very triumph that revealed to me and to others that I was a problem. Everyone else could forget that I was a half Oriental except my dearly loved mother, who denied it, and yet feared me and feared for me. . . .

One day in a garden in New Rochelle a friend and I talked of Mother's life. We were, of course, discussing inter-racial marriage and I happened to say, "I think it very sad that my father gave up so much for my mother and in the end lost both a wife and a daughter."

"How amazing you are," she answered, "What did your father give up?"

"His family, his national customs, his Japanese friends, his world. He gave up my mother, for she will never go back. He gave up me, for I will never go back, and his grandchildren for he will probably never see all of them."

"I don't understand you," she interrupted, "Orien-  
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tals all want to live like us. They come over here and are glad to become as American as possible. Our colleges are full of Oriental students. We have had to exclude them from the country because of their numbers. And as for his marriage with your mother. . . . Well! He should be eternally grateful for having married such an intellectual, cultivated, charming, interesting person as your mother."

"Perhaps you are right," I admitted. And who can say? My father would be the first to have agreed with this friend. But is his present isolation in Japan worth his memories? I wonder. He has returned to his Japanese method of life and the seas of his tradition have swept him far back into the current of truly Japanese living. Though he is not accepted as he would have been had he spent his loyalty less lavishly on my mother, as *enkya*, or (at his age) retired head of the house of Tamagawa. He lives as far as I can gather from the few impersonal letters which I have received from him in the past years very humbly in a Japanese boarding house in Yokohama.

Mother is now only a memory for us all. But she retained her viewpoint until the day she died—that there is no problem in an Eurasian marriage. If we accept Mother's thesis, and she ought to know for it was her adventure and her life, then this book is but a phantasm of my own peculiar mind. . . .

One night last winter I woke, in my home in New

Rochelle to hear groans from the upper regions. I knew immediately that it was either my husband or my mother who was very ill. The sounds were too adult for any of the children. I stumbled upstairs, for that night I happened to be sleeping on the couch below, and reaching the bath-room, where the light was shining I found my poor mother, very ill. Chills and vomiting. I felt certain from the first moment I looked at her, that she was going to die. I called my husband who helped her to bed and hurried for the mustard plasters and hot water bottles. It was obviously typical pneumonia.

After a few terrible days she died.

So my mother who had spent the last seven years of her life with me in America and who had refused to return to my father because of her fear of pneumonia in Japan, died of pneumonia in New Rochelle, New York!...

I do not approve of Eurasian marriages. I do not approve of inter-national marriages. Because I have heard too many holy prayers and seen too many horses. Because this world is, as it is, full of uncertainties, confusions and insecurities for all of us, Occidental and Oriental alike are afraid to climb down from the psychological horses they are riding however many prayers our priests of philosophy, science, economy and travel may be muttering. We must stick to our horses or fall, because we have not yet learned to un-

horse gracefully. What avail are holy prayers in a horse's ear? They only make him shy!

When Nan, our old colored washwoman in Chicago said, "Maybe cats and dogs don't have no fights in Japan" she rode her psychological horse even through the laws of nature unscathed, for HER cats and dogs possibly did not fight in HER Japan.

The Chinese maid who came to rescue our Trade Commissioners from the rôle of nursemaid for my children in Shanghai, wore her nails long and filthy. Why? Because her psychology imposed that condition upon her. What time had I then, to whisper prayers, holy or otherwise, in her horse's ear? And even if I had had the time, would she have listened? Would she have understood? Would she have changed horses there in the midstream of her life? I doubt it. But that very doubt may be the neighing of my own psychological horse.

When Mother and I fled from the nude brownness of the naked coolies, it was our psychological horses that galloped off with us. When the coolies in the mountains saw Mrs. Field in her open-air bath and one remarked, "She's just like all women. Not a thing wrong with her," he rode the psychology of his environment. During the great war we rode war horses and now there is peace we ride dray horses.

When I landed in Japan and instantly became a disappointed and terrified child, what terrified me?

Just this,—that I recognized immediately, at the first glance, that I was mounted on a horse that could never outride the facts with which I had to deal, that I would have to unhorse or be thrown off and recreate a new viewpoint, a new horse! And we love our old horses, even our old hobby horses! I have written that, "Nothing I had been told, taught, or imagined was in the least like Japan. What was I to expect?" What terrible bucking bronco of internationalism was I supposed to lasso and conquer? That was what frightened me.

When I sat as a girl of thirteen on our Japanese roof and puzzled about my life, what did I discover? "That people thought in groups, in societies, in nations and in whole races and they all thought differently" . . . And now I ask, what use are holy prayers in a horse's ear? What use are new or different ways of life, or even viewpoints, when we are mounted and riding our horses?

And again, can we ever reach our goals without a steed, without some sort of definite view? Are we not safer mounted on our well trained, customary, and thoroughly tried customs and habits, than among the missionaries running hither and yon whispering holy prayers into deaf ears, only to be ridden down by whole cavalries of thought?

When my mother eloped she assumed that an Eurasian marriage could be a success. And triumphantly,

almost heroically she rode her assumption through the ranks of facts to her goal. Could she have done it without her psychology? Could she have unmounted even to whisper a few truths in my doubtful ears?

Now, I disapprove of the Eurasian marriages because there are so few among the many in Europe, in Asia or in America who have the wit and ability or the moral and spiritual stamina and determination, or the keen, blind, deaf and dumb intellect that will allow them to drive their psychological horse in triumph to its goal. This is my "Holy Prayer" in the "Horse's Ear."

Uma No Mimi Ni Nembutsu, may be most freely translated to mean,—you can always tell a Harvard man, but you can't tell him much! And I would add, —why try? Why venture on such a marriage, a marriage which must include chasms of misunderstanding?

But all this may be only my conventional mindedness—that is, of course, if I, who do not exist, can have a mind. . . .

With my mother gone and my father in Japan the problem of their marriage should have been ended. But I now find that it has only just seriously begun, for mother had invested some money left by the Adams' aunts in Sumitomo Bank shares in Japan and the Japanese Government now tells me that I do not exist, that I never have existed, as far as they are con-

cerned, because I was never registered as a Japanese. Here, then, is an official refusal to accept the "is" of the thing. Legally I am not and never was; therefore, I cannot be the lineal descendant of my parents or an inheritor of my mother's estate.

My lawyers say that I am "an ultimate, international, legal absurdity." As a citizen of Nowhere, I don't know whether it's better to be a born Oriental, or a born Occidental. I am not sure that it is wiser to have nudity IN, instead of OUT of the art galleries. I don't know whether Japan is the delightful fairy-land of Lafcadio Hearn, or the dangerous yellow peril of the Californians. I don't know whether I have had the ideal home and the perfectly mated parents that my mother said I had, or whether I was the victim of one of the most horrible marital combinations ever perpetrated. I'm not even sure that I'm not the world's prize freak, though I believe myself to be addicted to the conventional life. I don't know whether it's better to eat with chop sticks or knives and forks. I begin to be uncertain as to whether I should have been tying obis all these years instead of shoe strings, or whether I should now be a cherry blossom instead of a primrose. Who can say whether it's better to dance on your heels with your toes turned in, or on your toes with your heels turned in?

Perhaps it's wise to be foolish and foolish to be wise. But it's safer, much safer, to ride a nice, stiff,

## HOLY PRAYERS IN A HORSE'S EAR

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conventional wooden horse secured to a merry-go-round than a wild, untrained and untamed international steed.

For, only the non-existent can stand on their feet in mid-Pacific!

My husband who claims existence will give you his view. . . .

Let him mutter a holy prayer for the horse's ear!

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15 I D G E

I HAVE THE MOST UNIQUE WIFE IN THE world. After sixteen years of sober married existence I suddenly learn that she is only half my wife. The other half of her I am not only not married to at all, but it really doesn't exist.

I admit, however, that the more I explore my wife's personality the more I become like the Quaker who vouchsafed that "all the world is crazy except me and thee" and that sometimes "thee art a bit queer!" I am beginning to think that certainly those who write laws are queer!

But enough of this suspense. The facts are these. My wife's father is a Japanese subject. He married my wife's mother in the United States, she being a British subject. My wife was born in the United States. That makes her an American citizen, I hear you say. True. However, she went to Japan as a minor and wishing to keep her American citizenship, registered at the American consulate in Yokohama when she became of age. I know she did, because I was the consular officer who performed that service for her. Her father, however, never registered her birth at the Japanese registration office. Therefore so far as her

Japanese parentage is concerned she does not exist. Legally her father had no children in the eyes of Japanese law. She is the non-existent daughter of her married parents. Yet under American law my wife is his legal child.

They say that under international law if a cat had kittens in an oven they would legally be biscuits. My wife is the daughter of a Japanese father who inadvertently caused her to be born outside of Japan. Unlike the baking powder kittens of the international law cat, which must go through life continually disguised as biscuits, my wife had the choice, on becoming of age, of renouncing the land of her birth and taking on the citizenship of her father. This she could have done by simply having him register her birth in Japan. She preferred to remain an American citizen. And by that choice, she became a dual international legal personality.

For a while I was dubious as to whether for sixteen years I had been living with a sort of "half wife." Not that she has ever warranted that title in any but a legal sense. The facts are, that I married my wife in Japan under Japanese law, which was further legalized by a civil ceremony at the American consulate and a religious ceremony at Maebashi, an island town where a good missionary friend of ours happened to reside.

However, if my wife's birth was never registered

in Japan she did not legally exist. After much cogitation on this point I concluded that I had married the girl who was born in America and not the lethal person whom the haughty Japanese authorities refused to recognize. As soon as she registered as an American citizen it would not have mattered whether she was registered in Japan or not. Her Japanese legal personality is permanently obscured, and I couldn't marry her non-existent half, much as I might desire to. You see I am assuming I had no choice in the matter. No man would consciously marry a wraith! It stands to reason, therefore, that I must have married the material rather than the ghostly half of my wife.

We are still in a quandary, as to our children. We have four. Which of these are the product of my union with my legal American wife and which are the product of that wholly non-existent person,—the daughter of my father-in-law? I'm sure the more I think of it the more mystifying it all becomes!

The daughter of my father-in-law, not being in legal existence, I couldn't have married her, yet I have certainly had children by her. She, therefore, becomes a sort of ghostly concubine. Very convenient. Many a chap, I suspect, would like such a mistress. Imagine, by a wave of the hand, disintegrating a troublesome mistress into the air! The arrangement may prove highly convenient. Hereafter when I stay

out late, I can wander home when I please confident that my father-in-law's daughter exercises a mere shadowy suzerainty over our household. As I fumble for the keyhole I shall be careful not to awaken the person who was born in the United States to whom I am legally married. If she is more than half asleep I am safe, provided the proper,—not necessarily better-half is wholly unconscious of my entrance.

I feel, moreover, that the Japanese authorities have not been entirely fair to me. In refusing to recognize my wife's existence have they rendered me a bachelor with four children? Or, since the non-recognition has only recently received their sanction, have they made of me a legal half-widower? I should like to know where I stand.

As for my wife, I suppose her non-existent Japanese entity must feel singularly disembodied on occasion. I should not like to feel that way. As it is, it probably accounts for her strange power of concentration which enables her to write stories while children climb around her and scream at the top of their voices. Her Japanese personality no doubt has at such moments become uppermost.

They say that man is by nature polygamous. If that is so I have my prehistoric urges fulfilled by a sort of two-in-one wife. Whether she is the girl I married or not is always an intriguing question. She may

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be or she may not be. Or she may and may not be all at the same time.

There is one satisfaction. If I can never marry the ethereal daughter of my father-in-law, nobody else may.





